

THE SEASON'S GREATEST GAME THRILLINGLY TOLD!

# FRANK MANLEY'S GOOD STORIES WEEKLY. OF YOUNG ATHLETES

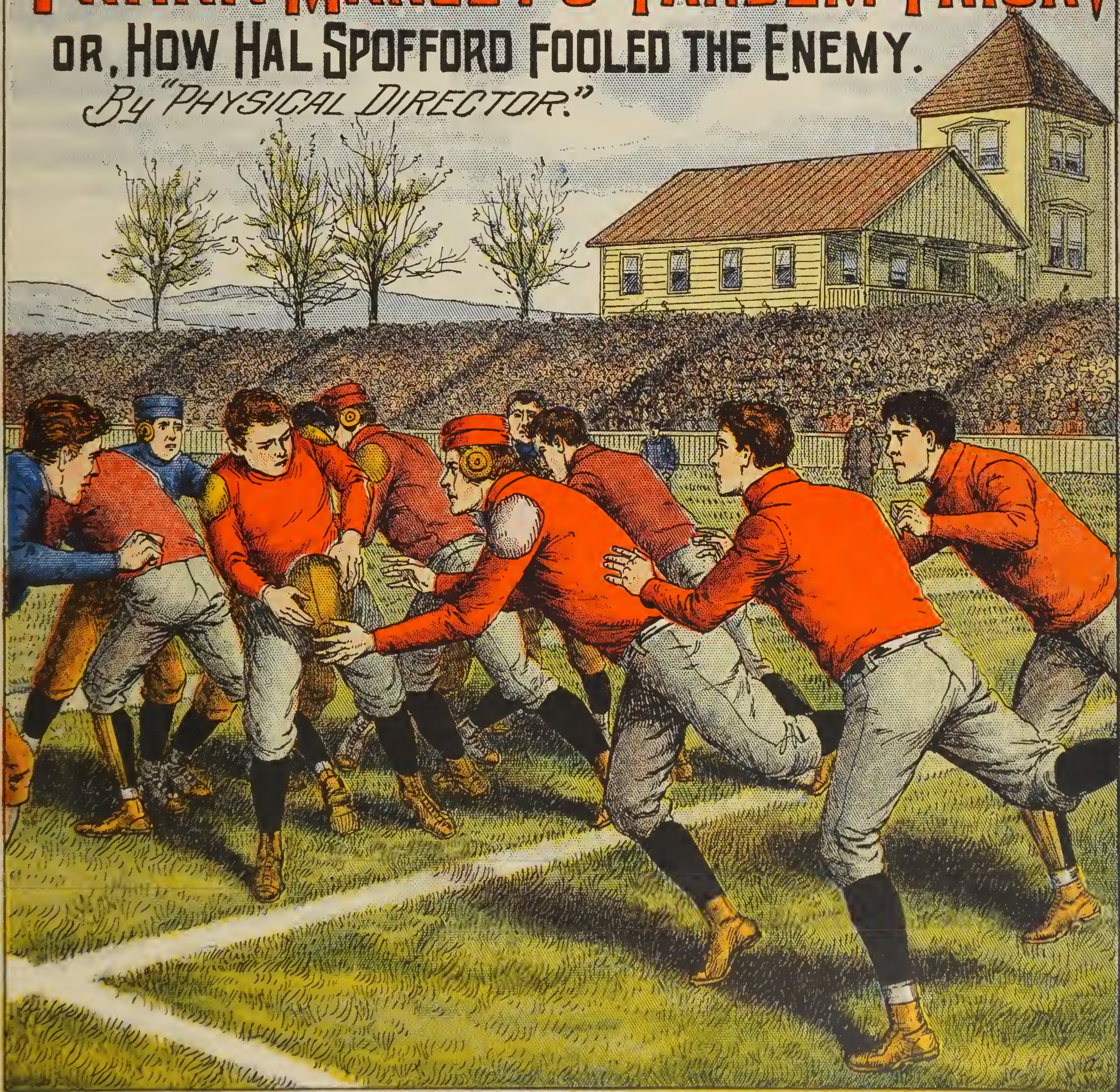
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No. 12.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

## FRANK MANLEY'S TANDEM TRICK; OR, HOW HAL SPOFFORD FOOLED THE ENEMY. *By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."*



All depended upon Hal. Frank's splendidly trained tandem rushed into action. It looked like a fool-hardy risk, but Manley's brain had cleared for fight. The tandem shot in to do or die!





# Frank Manley's Weekly

## GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES

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# Frank Manley's Tandem Trick;

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## HOW HAL SPOFFORD FOOLED THE ENEMY.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."

### CHAPTER I.

MR. SALPIETRO'S FEELINGS ARE HURT.

"Cospetto, but you must not refuse!"

"I am sorry," replied Frank Manley, "but I must."

"I simply cannot take a refusal," protested Manley's caller, in a tone that was half wheedling, half threatening.

"Well, if you must have the plainest kind of language, you'll have to take a refusal, for you have got it already."

"But I tell you that I will pay, and pay well, for the use of this building."

"Must I tell you rudely that we don't want either you or your money?" asked Frank, his color heightening a trifle.

"But we will pay ten dollars an evening."

"No!"

"Twelve, then," insisted the caller, his small, dark eyes watching Manley closely.

"You can't have the place at any price," snapped Frank. "We want it ourselves. Now, have I made myself plain?"

"But, my dear sir, we must have this building for next week," insisted the caller. "It's the only place in town that will suit us."

"I have told you that we are opening this building for our own gymnasium next week," replied Manley.

"But we can't wait until the week after."

"I haven't asked you to wait. If you waited a year you couldn't have it then."

"But——"

"See here," said Frank, turning sharply, "I try to be polite and agreeable with every one. But you're the limit. I shall have to ask you to take yourself off."

"Ah!" snarled the dark, thin-looking man of thirty, who had been annoying the captain of the Woodstock Juniors. "Then you insult me?"

"I've tried not to," retorted Manley. "But you are the most persistent fellow I have met in many a day. You are annoying me."

"So? But you will reconsider and rent me this building for next week."

"I shall be much more likely to help you find the outside of the building now, if you don't start by yourself."

"Then you do insult me? Me! A gentleman in my own country."

"I don't know what the standards of a gentleman are in your country," Manley answered carelessly. "But I would like to know whether you mean to clear out now?"

They were standing in the as yet but partly finished office of the club's new gymnasium.

Frank looked significantly at the door and then at Mr. Salpietro, who stood in line with the exit.



"Are you going?" asked Frank, taking a step forward.

He had not meant to lay hands on this persistent foreigner, but Mr. Salpietro started back, one hand going in under his vest lapel.

The hand was out again, a long, narrow blade of steel glinting.

"You shall not touch me—not insult me!" flared Mr. Salpietro.

"Not if you go decently about your business—of course not," was Manley's quiet reply.

"And you shall apologize?"

"Oh! For what?"

"For insulting me."

"Are you going?" demanded Frank, wearily.

"Not until you have apologized."

"Then you can bet all you're worth that you're going!" cried Manley quickly.

He made a swift plunge forward, and the excitable Italian lunged at him with the blade.

But, somehow, Manley was not just where he had appeared to be when the thrust was made.

He came up the other side of Salpietro, passing his arm around his neck and dragging the Italian to the floor.

There was a quick twist, an oath in Italian, and Manley held the stiletto.

"You are not to be trusted with a thing like this," said Manley, stepping back.

There was a quick, crackling sound, and the stiletto's blade was in two pieces.

Salpietro, who had leaped to his feet in a towering passion, gave vent to a scream of rage.

"That is the worst insult!" he stormed. "It is deadly!"

"Your penknife isn't—now—if that's what you refer to," smiled Frank, breaking the blade again close to the hilt and tossing the three pieces to the floor.

"Got any more cutlery samples?" laughed Frank.

Salpietro appeared speechless.

"Come, now," urged our hero, laying a hand on the Italian's nearer shoulder, "get out, like a good fellow."

Just then a door opened behind them—the door that communicated with the gym floor.

Hal Spofford and Joe Prescott, Manley's two lieutenants of the club, looked in from the doorway and stopped there.

Their quick eyes noted the bits of steel on the floor; but they said nothing, nor did they move.

"Ah! You find it necessary to send for your friends!" jeered Salpietro, a look of black ugliness in his face.

"They happened to step in, that was all," replied Manley, quietly.

Frank bent forward to open the street door, then said calmly:

"Now go."

Like a flash Salpietro turned as if he would grab at the young athlete.

But Manley was too quick for him. He caught the Italian around the body, lifted him, ran down the steps, and dropped the angry fellow, sitting, in the street.

Turning on his heel, while Hal and Joe watched through

one of the windows, Manley made his way back into the office.

"I shall make you suffer for this!" yelled Salpietro, regaining his feet and shaking a fist after the indifferent young athlete.

"I shall kill you!" bellowed the Italian, but Frank went up the steps, entered the office, and closed the door.

"What's the trouble?" asked Hal.

"Oh, that fellow wants to hire the gym for next week."

"He hasn't any cheek, then!" sputtered Joe.

"Not a bit!" Frank laughingly admitted.

"Did you tell him that the club would be holding high-jinks here?" asked Hal.

"I did, and told him, moreover, that he couldn't have the place at any time, or on any terms."

"What does he want the place for, anyway?"

"Oh, as nearly as I could make it out, some Italian society wants to meet here for a week. The people are coming from all the towns around."

"I should say they couldn't have the place," vented Joe. "Not even if it was idle."

"And then he wanted to knife you?" asked Hal.

"He did when I lost patience and hinted at running him out."

"I kill you!" came the angry threat from outside.

Frank threw up a window, calling softly to the enraged Salpietro:

"Don't tell your plans to every one. And don't carry on in that strain, or the police will gather you in. Go out in a big field somewhere and do your yelling."

"Ah! You laugh at me?" demanded the hot-blooded man outside. "You shall see."

"So will you, I'm afraid, if you don't make your noise somewhere else," jeered Frank. "You're not really crazy, you know, but people might think you are and have you locked up."

There was another torrent of angry abuse as Manley smilingly closed the window.

It was during the school nooning, and these youngsters, who belonged to the club's board of control, had come down to the club's gymnasium to get an idea of what yet needed to be done.

It was a handsome structure in gray stone and brick, and one of the most attractive looking buildings in town.

It was not a great building, but was large enough for all the purposes of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

It had been won by the club through an act of sheer grit.

Two freight cars had been carelessly left on a siding close to the business center of Woodstock. One of these cars, a tank car loaded with coal oil, had got afire. The other car contained dynamite.

The Up and At 'Em Boys, under Manley's leadership, had pushed the blazing train of cars to a far siding, where, soon after, they exploded without harm to any one.

For this act the business men of the town had bought the site, and the railroad company, which had secured



an enormous bill for damages, had borne the expense of constructing the gymnasium.

And now everything was so far finished that the formal opening was to take place in a week.

Salpietro, an agent of some Italian society, had hit upon the gym as being just the place for his purposes. His efforts to arrange the matter had met with the success already recorded.

And now the excited Italian was outside hurling insults and threats.

"I'll get tired of this soon and go out and push a few holes through the fellow," growled Joe.

"Oh, let him have his say," smiled Frank. "It's easing his mind wonderfully and doesn't hurt any one else."

"But just listen to the things he's saying about you," choked Joe.

"They're not true, are they?" asked Frank, innocently, and Hal laughed.

"I go now," raged Salpietro, finally; "but you shall be sorry when I see you again!"

"I guess that's right," laughed Hal, "if he's always as big a bore."

But Joe laid a quick hand on the door. Swift as he was, however, Manley was more speedy in preventing him from opening it.

"What's wrong, Joe?"

"I want to get out at that chap."

"Oh, nonsense! Let him go."

"Frank, if I know anything about the signs of trouble, that fellow intends to make some."

"Wait till he does it," laughed Manley. "He wouldn't feel any less like making trouble if you went out and thumped him now."

Grumbling somewhat, Joe gave up his first intention.

## CHAPTER II.

ENTER MR. OSCATI.

It was a tremendously busy week over at the club's athletic field.

The final football game of the season was to be played against Woodstock's traditional opponent, Bradford.

For months the Bradfords had been showing great strides in improvement with every new public appearance.

Feeling now actually ran high in the two towns.

For a Bradfordite to believe that Woodstock could win was much like high treason.

On the other hand, in Woodstock, there were many who feared that the day was at hand when Bradford would pass its rival on the field.

The Thanksgiving game, therefore, was to be the championship event of the season.

Frank Manley knew well enough that he had a hard task on hand to prepare his team so well that it could really down Bradford on Thursday.

Hence the practice that Monday afternoon was unusually severe.

It lasted until dark. When it was over, and Manley had bathed and dressed, he started homeward.

At a corner he parted from Hal and Joe, striking out for his own home street.

Save for the little illumination that filtered through drawn shades, and the flicker of the street lamp up at the corner, it was quite dark.

Manley, plodding along, his thoughts wholly on the grid-ironed field, was almost at his gate.

Crack! The sound of a gunshot was not unusual enough in this country town to make one jump.

Yet Frank Manley did jump, for the bullet sped by within three inches of his head.

His presence of mind did not desert him, however. Like a flash, as soon as the thing dawned upon him, he wheeled and gazed back through the night.

He could see no one. Puzzled, but not satisfied, he ran up the street to the corner at top speed.

But still there was no sign of the person who had fired the shot.

"It must have been an accident," mused Frank, "and whoever set off the pistol accidentally was too scared to apologize."

Yet the thought would not down that some one had fired that shot with intent.

"Could it have been Salpietro?" wondered our hero, as he stood by his gate in the darkness trying to make up his mind.

Whoever it was, the would-be assassin, if there was one, did not intend to risk repeating the shot.

"If it was Salpietro, he ought to be ashamed of such miserably poor shooting," chuckled Frank, as he went up the steps and let himself in.

He was out again later in the evening, and again, just as he was nearing his gate, there was a report, followed by the whiz of a bullet past the young athlete's head.

Again Manley tried to find the wretch who had fired the shot, but, as before, the man with the pistol succeeded in getting away.

"This game is getting to be a habit with some one," muttered Frank, when he had closed the street door.

He was concerned, at last, and deeply.

Quite naturally, it made him uneasy to think that any one should deliberately seek his life. But it made him angry to think that he could not catch the scoundrel.

He turned in, however, without fear of the night. His bulldog, Towser, was an efficient night watchman.

Hal came home with our hero at noon the next day. There were matters that the two youngsters wanted to discuss together.

"There was a man here this morning to see you, Frank," announced Mrs. Manley.

"Any one I know, mother?"

"I think not. He gave his name as Oscati. He left word that he would be here again this noon."

"Oh! I hope he does come."



"Then you were expecting him, Frank?"

"Hoping that I would have a chance to see him," answered the young athlete.

As Mrs. Manley turned away the two chums exchanged glances.

"It must be some one connected with the Italian of yesterday," whispered Hal, as soon as the boys were by themselves.

"I hope so," retorted our hero, with a snap of his jaws.

"Then you'll see the fellow?"

"I wouldn't miss it!"

"Good enough!" quivered Hal. "Say, see him in the parlor. Then I can be in the little room next, with the door locked and my hand on the key. At a sign of any kind I'll be with you."

"And you can look over the glass transom," nodded Frank. "There is a thin silk curtain over it, and, with your face close, you can see into the parlor without being seen."

There was a jingle at the bell that made them both start.

"I'm going to the door, mother," Frank called.

Hal slid for the room off the parlor.

It was an Italian, beyond question, to whom Manley opened the street door. The caller was a man of forty, short and squat of build, but of powerful appearance none the less.

He was dark, this man, and very dark. His face had, on the whole, a pleasing expression; yet occasionally the gleam in his restless eyes was sinister.

"Mr. Oscati?" asked Frank.

"Yes. Ah, you know my name! You were expecting me?"

"Hoping you'd come," rejoined Frank, drily. "Be good enough to come in, please."

Frank ushered his caller into the parlor.

It was apparent from what little he had already seen of this stranger that Oscati was accustomed to the manners of the well-bred world.

But Frank gave the man no time for pleasant generalities. He plumped at once into the caller's business by saying, sternly:

"Mr. Oscati, pardon me if I do not wait for your account of your business. I prefer to ask you a few questions myself."

"Ah, then I beg of you to proceed, Mr. Manley," returned the Italian, in his suave voice.

"If I make any mistake in stating the case," went on Frank, "I shall rely upon you to set me straight. I take it for granted that you have called upon me in relation to two shots that were fired at me last night."

Mr. Oscati did not appear at all shocked. Instead, his face broke into beaming smiles, as he replied:

"Ah! It is a pleasure to deal with one of such quick perception."

"Then I take it, Mr. Oscati, that those shots were not intended to strike me?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because, if that were the case, you would not have called to-day. You would either have tried again, or else you would have given up the effort against my life."

"Really, it is extraordinary how you understand things without explanation," laughed the Italian, with a note of mocking admiration in his voice.

"So, then," resumed Manley, fixing his gaze closely on the Italian's steadfast eyes, "those shots were intended merely as a warning. You are here now to explain to me the means by which I can hope to escape any real attempt on my life."

"Ah, you are a young gentleman of great keenness!" cried the Italian. "I congratulate you. I enjoy knowing you. I even venture to hope that we may yet be friends."

"Don't let us have any misunderstandings, Mr. Oscati," rejoined Manley, coldly. "I cannot return your compliments. It does not even hurt me to tell you that you are an infernal, unhung scoundrel. And, now that we have our understanding of each other on the right footing, go ahead and tell me briefly just what you have come here to say."

At the word "scoundrel" Oscati had risen angrily to his feet. But before Manley's cool, contemptuous regard he sat down again, still smiling, but now with a sinister meaning.

"Everything is so clear, Mr. Manley," he went on jeeringly, "that I can afford to be brief. You will pay me the sum of five hundred dollars for my friend Salpietro, and he will forgive you. You refuse, and warning shots will change to real ones—that is all. It will not do to pretend that you haven't the money, for I have assured myself of that. You have a store here in town, and can raise the money."

"Oscati," returned Frank, deliberately, "you are the dog that is barking up the wrong tree. There is no money to be had here. Perhaps you will try to make good your threat. That is your own affair."

"Do not put me off in this fashion," retorted the Italian. "If you send me away now there will be no further chance for you to pay and save yourself."

"I do not intend to pay, and I am not worried about saving myself. Oscati, I have been observing that watch-charm that you wear. It is engraved, I observe, with some of the mystic Hindoo signs. Have you ever studied the Hindoo magic?"

"My father did somewhat, I believe," replied the Italian, looking surprised at this change of the subject. "I inherited this bit of jewelry from him."

"Did you ever hear of the glass of fate?"

Oscati looked more surprised, but did not reply.

"I have delved just a little in Hindoo magic," lied Frank, coolly and glibly. "I have been particularly interested in the glass of fate. I have never failed when I have profited by the advice of my glass of fate. I consulted it only a few moments before you came in. The omens for me were never better. It is impossible, at present, for you to harm me. Would you like to see the glass?"

While Frank spoke he had been studying the face of the



man intently. He saw that Oscati was struggling to conceal interest. Here, then, was a superstitious man, who would be influenced by omens if he believed them to be omens.

Our hero had been sitting at his desk. From one of the drawers he took a small hand-mirror of curious Oriental design.

Oscati received it, looking at it curiously.

"It is very simply used," went on Manley. "Hold it in your hand, think intently on the business you have in hand, and while so thinking hold your breath as much as you can. When you have your mind well on your plan, then breathe hard on the glass, which will reflect the omen that shall tell you what your plan will bring to you. Perhaps you will scoff at such magic."

"No, no!" protested the Italian.

"Then hold your breath a moment, after which let your vital breath—the essence of your being—pass to the glass."

Oscati remained silent for a few moments. Then, raising the mirror, he blew against its surface.

"Diavolo!" ejaculated the Italian, leaping to his feet. His face went white.

For this man, with his strong vein of superstition, was staring at an omen that shook his nerves.

On the polished surface of the mirror, in strong grayish lines, his breath had brought the picture of a skull and cross-bones!

"Is the omen a favorable one?" broke in Manley's cool voice.

"Diavolo, no!" confessed Oscati, his smile showing ghastly.

"You seem disturbed," pronounced Manley, seriously.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WOODSTOCK MAGIC.

"Bah! It is only a trick!" cried the Italian, suddenly suspicious.

"A trick of fate?" Frank asked.

"No. You are trying to make a fool of me."

"I assure you," said Frank, earnestly, "that I have never yet made a fool of myself by heeding the omens of that wonderful glass. But, of course, you are at liberty to regard it as you please."

"Bah!"

"You must bear in mind that I have not yet been permitted to look at the glass."

"Then look!" vented Oscati, handing the mirror to our hero.

Frank studied the pictured skull and cross-bones gravely.

"A bad omen—a dangerous one, I should say," he observed, thoughtfully.

"What does it mean, then?"

"It would appear to predict your death—evidently a violent one."

Oscati tried to sneer, but there was something in his face that showed him to be uneasy.

"It may be merely a passing impression on the mirror," suggested our hero, handing it back. "Rub out that impression with your handkerchief. Do it thoroughly."

"This is curious mummerly," muttered the Italian; but he took his handkerchief and went vigorously at work effacing the grayish imprint.

"Is the image entirely removed?" queried Frank.

"Yes."

"Then breathe again, and see what the omen chances to be."

Oscati obeyed.

Then he stared, muttering an unpleasant imprecation.

"Well?" asked Frank.

"The same image!"

"Then that is very bad for you, sir," rejoined Manley. "Unless the glass has lost its value, it seems certain that you are embarked in something that can lead only to your death. I take that to mean that you are still determined on working harm to me. It is too bad—for you; for the glass predicts that it can lead to nothing but violent death for you."

Frank spoke without anger, and without apparent desire to convince. His tone was more that of a scholar who knows what he is talking about and who does not seek to convert another to his views.

While speaking our hero had cleaned the surface of the glass once more, and now he returned the glass to the drawer in his desk.

"That is clever jugglery!" cried the Italian. "Where did you learn it?"

"From a very wise old friend," lied Frank, glibly, "who left me the glass when he died. His counsel was always to follow the omens that I saw pictured there. I consulted the glass only a few minutes before you came here."

"And what did the glass show you?" cried the Italian, half incredulously.

"If you wish, you may see what the glass shows in my hands," assented our hero.

He stepped over to the desk, took out the glass once more, allowed Oscati to see that the surface was clear, and then held it to his mouth.

After a strong breath against the glass Manley held the mysterious thing away from him.

"You see," cried our hero, holding up the glass, "my omen is better than yours."

Oscati looked eagerly.

On the polished surface, in the same grayish lines, he beheld the outlines of a horn of plenty, from which gifts were falling.

Over the horn were the outlines of a dove.

"Can you interpret that?" asked Manley.

"It would not seem difficult," murmured the astonished visitor.

"The horn, with so much pouring from it, shows riches and good fortune ahead for me. The dove announces that my life shall be a peaceful and happy one, too."



Oscati uttered such a cry as one sometimes does when passing through a strange dream.

"You have been presumptuous enough to threaten my life," Frank went on, in a blandly gentle voice. "You expected to frighten me. Do you not understand how impossible it is for me to be frightened when I have such a counsellor in this glass—a counsellor that has never failed me? And the same glass has shown you where your wickedness will lead you."

"Bah! I do not believe the glass!" muttered the Italian, making an effort to regain his former air of self-confidence.

"That is as you please for yourself," came the young athlete's answer. "All I have done is to show you the reason for my belief that you cannot harm me, and will only come to great disaster by trying. But now we have said quite enough to each other, Mr. Oscati. If you persist in believing that you can succeed in your plans against me, go ahead and try. I assure you that I have no dread.

"But, Mr. Oscati, if you should realize that your plans against me are worse than folly, then you may come here again in a fortnight, and you shall consult the glass once more on nobler, better plans. But remember that, in any event, once more is all I shall allow you to consult this glass."

Despite Oscati's attempt to appear brave, an ashen-gray color had settled in his cheeks.

Frank held out his hand.

"Good-by, Oscati. You may take my hand, if you wish. It is yours without hostility, if you wish it so. But be careful about touching my hand if you do so with anything of malice or bad design in your heart."

Oscati slowly, furtively put out his right hand—then drew it quickly back, as if in fear.

"That was wisely done, if you cannot take my hand in honor and truth," said Manley gently. "And now you must go, Oscati."

Our hero led the way to the street door, ushering his caller out and closing the door after him.

For a few moments Manley stood peering through the figured glass in the panel. Then, when he had seen Oscati step out of sight, the young athlete walked back into the parlor.

He stood there, shaking with silent laughter.

A key turned, the connecting door opened quickly, and Hal Spofford strode into the room.

"Well, of all the unhung fakirs!" blurted Spofford, gleefully.

"My careless young friend," warned Manley, solemnly, "be careful how you jest about the mysteries of a science that is beyond your poor understanding."

"Say, I give in; that kind of 'science' has me riding on the guess cart," agreed Hal. "How's the fake worked, anyway?"

"Wouldst thou consult the mystic glass?" queried his chum, in a sepulchral voice.

"I wouldst—and blamed quick, too," retorted Spofford.

From the drawer Manley took the glass, polished it industriously, and then handed it to Hal.

The latter blew hard and long, and then stared at the result.

"Say, it's dead wrong to pass a friend this kind of an omen," declared his chum.

He was staring at the skull and cross-bones that had got on the Italian's nerves.

"Gee! You got the wrong glass," grinned Frank, reaching into the drawer and bringing out another, the exact duplicate of the first.

"Two, eh? Thunderation!" exploded Hal.

"Of course," said Manley, coolly, while Hal blew a second time and brought out the lines of the horn of plenty and the dove. "Hal, old fellow, you ought to know that you can't work two emblems on one glass."

Hal was looking at his chum with eyes that brimmed over with gleeful appreciation.

"Frank, you're a wonder—a winner!"

"But I wouldn't have been if I had fumbled and let Oscati get hold of the wrong glass."

"But where on earth did you get two just alike?"

"It's a pair that was given to my mother before I was born. I ran across them the other day. I had them fixed to work the trick on you."

Hal, with his handkerchief, carefully rubbed out the images of the horn and dove.

Then he blew again, and the images instantly reappeared.

"Say, how's it worked?" he asked, insistently.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know?"

"Yes, I would. Why, Frank, if I can do this thing I see no end of fun ahead. Why, just think of Hallowe'en—name of future husband or future wife. Say, it would have the girls crazy! And then the other ways that this glass fake could be worked to get on other people's nerves! Frank, if you don't tell me how the thing is done I'll drop your acquaintance."

"Then I shall have to tell you," assented Frank.

"Well?"

"But not right now. I will before the week is out, Hal." Frank kept his word, as will be seen later on.

"But it will be on one condition, Hal. No one else must be let into the secret of how it's done."

"Catch me telling!" protested Spofford. "A thing like this is too good to pass around to every one."

"And just at present it mustn't leak out," urged Frank, meaningly. "It might make a great difference in Signor Oscati's intentions if he were to learn that the whole thing is a trick."

"Frank, did he mean business?"

"I think he did, Hal. He doesn't look like a man who wastes time on bluffs. Yes, I believe he did mean all he said. Whether he does now only time can show."

"I think you've got him scared."

"I'm sure of that," replied Manley, quietly. "But whether he'll stay scared is the question. And probably there are others who have to be consulted. Hal, my belief is that Oscati and Salpietro belong to one of the Italian secret societies that make their money by blackmailing people under threats of death."



"Say, don't leave the glasses where Oscati can find them. He might break in and try to get a glass for future guidance."

"If he gets into this house he won't find either of the glasses," smiled Frank.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE QUEER LETTER IN MANLEY'S MAIL.

"Now, what do you think of that?" muttered Hal, staring perplexedly at a sheet of paper in his hand.

The Five Chums were all present in Manley's little back office.

This was the name that had come to Manley, Spofford, Joe, Sato and Jackets, who were truly the leaders of the Up and At 'Em Boys.

It was just before supper on the day after the scene in the gymnasium.

The paper that Hal held was a letter that had just been received in our hero's mail.

Frank, as soon as he had peered into the letter in the postoffice, had recognized its character.

Fortunately, his chums had all been within hailing distance.

At his request they had gone promptly to his office.

The letter in question, addressed to Frank, was as follows:

"You have scared off Oscati, who is a weak fool, anyway. We have disowned him and thrown him from our midst, but that is all you have gained.

"The matter in hand with you has gone higher up. It has now passed into the hands of men who will not be deterred by any dangers.

"Your resistance must cost you something. Therefore we have doubled our demand. You must now pay us one thousand dollars—or take the consequences.

"As to the consequences, there are many kinds possible, and we shall not put you on your better guard by telling you just what we propose to do. But we will point out to you that, outside of harm to yourself, there could be harm done to others whom you hold dear. Harm could happen to your interests, even to your club. Or harm can be done to the community of such a serious nature that the town would be glad, henceforth, to have you far from its borders.

"Of this rest assured: The consequences of your refusal or your resistance will be far more terrible than anything you will be likely to picture to yourself in advance.

"There is absolutely no hope for you in resistance. We are too powerful for you. Your only safety lies in obeying us.

"If you are sensible enough to obey us, and purchase your own safety and chance for happiness, then take one thousand dollars in good money and go alone to the three

oaks on the river road. Be there at exactly eight o'clock Wednesday night.

"Hand the money to the man who will meet you there. You will know him by his white tie and the red pink in his buttonhole.

"Yet, should he instruct you, for any reason, to retain the money and await further instruction, then do as he directs.

"Do not plan any trap for the man who will meet you there at the oaks. He is only a tool. He will not even understand clearly the business on which he meets you.

"Nor will it be of any use to shadow our emissary, for he will not lead the police to any one whom they will want.

"In addition, any attempt to trap our emissary or to have him shadowed will bring upon you the same consequences as if you dared to refuse the tax that we have levied upon you.

"Refuse the money, or disobey our instructions, at your own certain risk. If we fail with you, we shall make such an example of you as to put fear in the hearts of all others with whom we seek to do business."

There was no signature to the letter.

Nor was there any dramatic attempt at the portrayal of a black hand, a death's-head, or any of the emblems that are supposed to be used by the secret blackmail societies.

"Is it a mere trick?" hinted Joe.

Frank shook his head.

"Then you don't believe that some joker sent it to you for the fun of the thing?"

Again Manley dissented.

"Then what are you going to do?" asked Hal.

"Pay the money, of course," retorted Manley, with irony. The Jap smiled quietly at this idea.

"Do you think the fellow who sent the letter really means to carry out his threats?" asked Jackets.

"Yes," replied Manley, gravely.

"How are you going to fight them?" queried Inow Sato, after all had been silent for some moments.

"That is what I wish to know," replied Frank.

"Then you have gone so far as to resolve to fight?" demanded Hal.

"Had you ever a doubt of that?" cross-questioned Manley.

"If you could only scare out Oscati as you have scared the others," suggested Hal.

"Oscati is not scared out of it," spoke Manley.

Hal started.

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, there is a plain attempt in this letter to make it appear that Oscati has been dropped from the affair."

"And you feel certain that it is a mere ruse to keep him from being further suspected?"

"Exactly."

"Then, if that is true," flashed Joe, "we have an important point from which to start the campaign."

"Find Oscati and have him watched," nodded Frank.



"But if we can't find Oscati?" asked Hal.

"We shall," replied Manley, with an air of conviction.

"This is not a large gang that threatens me."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because the gang is flying for such small game as myself, or a thousand dollars."

"But there are probably enough of them," argued Joe, "so that Oscati, after being known, can keep in the background. I doubt if it will do much good to locate either Oscati or Salpietro."

"Nevertheless, we shall try," replied Frank, with the air and the tone of one who has made up his mind.

"If we find them?"

"I shall move and then await developments."

"But if we fail to find them?" asked Sato.

"Then I shall keep the appointment."

"With the money?" demanded Jackets.

"Naturally not."

"Then why will you go to the appointed place?"

"In the hope of bagging some one."

"I hope the plan turns out all right," murmured Hal, half dubiously.

"Whether Frank's plan fails or succeeds, it's a good one," put in Joe Prescott, vigorously.

"Why do you say that?" asked the puzzled Jackets.

"For the reason," retorted Joe, "that it means fight, and therefore is a move in the right direction. The poorest plan would be to surrender, or else to just take the consequences of failing."

"You said a little while ago, Frank, that you had no plan."

"That was true, Hal."

"And now you are talking fight."

"Yes, for my plan has been coming to me in the last few minutes."

"I'll shut up, then, until you get ready to tell us what the plan is," proposed Joe. "But I hope that there will be enough to keep me busy in this matter."

"There will be," smiled Manley; "enough for you and for all of us."

Frank leaned back, stared up at the ceiling, then at the blank wall before him, and was silent for some moments.

"My plan is made," he announced.

"What is it?" Joe demanded, eagerly.

"To fight."

There were blank looks at first, for this did not seem much in the way of news.

Then the others understood and looked smilingly at Joe.

Manley had merely declined, in his usual way, to make too much known of his plans.

"I shall wait until I have set the simpler parts of the scheme going," he went on.

Then, bending forward, while the other youngsters got their heads close to his, he whispered:

"The letter was postmarked at Barberville. That means, of course, that Oscati and his gang are not stopping there. It may or it may not be worth while to try to trace the mailer of the letter from there. That will be your job,

Jackets, for you have your pony and can get over there quickly in saddle. I shall wait until I hear from you before going further.

"Hal, I wish you would come over to my house to-night. As for Sato and Joe, if they are to have leisure this evening——"

"Why, surely," from Sato.

"Of course I shall have leisure," blurted Joe. "Do you think I could have anything else that would get in the way of this affair?"

"Then if Sato and Joe will be at home, within reach of their 'phones, they may hear of something to my advantage," smiled Frank.

And that was as far as the plans were announced, except that Jackets was rather closely instructed as to how to find out, if possible, certain facts about the mailer of the letter in question.

"And now this is as far as we can go," announced our hero. "We will scatter now, each going home for his supper."

Joe and Sato left together. Soon after Jackets strolled away by himself. Then Frank and Hal came out, looking decidedly serious.

Their appearance, however, was a good deal of pretence. Frank knew that very likely he was being watched by the enemy, and he wished his foes to get the impression that he was both alarmed and "blue."

Hal called in the evening. He and Frank sat in the dining-room with Mrs. Manley, chatting so naturally that that excellent woman got no suspicion that anything unusual was in the wind.

Br-r-r-r! It was the faint call of the telephone bell, which Frank had muffled in order that no one watching the premises could hear it ring.

The message was from Jackets. He had been unable to find out positively who mailed the letter, but he had discovered that an individual closely answering Salpietro's description had been in Barberville that afternoon, and that he had been seen on a street car near the postoffice. This individual had been seen afterward walking along the road that led to Bradford.

Mrs. Manley had taken her sewing and gone up to her room by the time that Frank rung off.

Now our hero called up Tod Owen, captain of the Bradfords, and was fortunate enough to find that youngster at home.

Frank and Tod were rivals in athletics. They had been enemies once, but were now good friends.

Hal listened, his eyes opening wide as he heard the request that our hero made of Tod.

It was nothing more or less than a request to Tod to call out some of his most trusted members and to enlist them in the work of locating Oscati and Salpietro, in case they were in or near Bradford.

"A useful enough thing, the telephone," uttered Manley, as he turned about to his chum.

"That's a stroke of genius—getting the Bradford boys



out on the chase," whispered Hal. "The enemy would never think of shadowing Bradford."

"And Tod professed himself as being delighted with the task," went on Manley. "He promised to act with all speed."

A promise that Tod kept, for in less than three-quarters of an hour he telephoned that he had located Salpietro beyond question in a little Italian colony just outside of Bradford.

"Now we'll act in earnest," whispered Frank, as he turned from the telephone a moment to his chum.

For five minutes the telephone was busy.

At the outset, however, Spofford left the house, walking slowly away.

Message after message went over the wire.

Frank Manley was drawing the lines for his campaign of self-defence.

## CHAPTER V.

### BLOCKING THE ENEMY'S LINE.

Ten young athletes met among the bare trees of a bit of forest a mile or so from Bradford.

The first five of them had come together.

They were Captain Tod Owen, Shirley, Evans, Moore, and Distleigh of the Bradford Junior Athletic Club.

Of the other five, Joe had been first to arrive, being closely followed by Inow Sato.

Almost on their heels came Hal.

Jackets and Frank arrived together.

Jackets had called at Frank's with his pony and cart, and those two had driven swiftly out of Woodstock.

When far from town, and certain that pursuit was out of the question, they had left the pony rig with a farmer on whom they could rely, and had come the remainder of the distance at a swift, cross-country run.

Tod did not ask the object of the chase. He had directed his fellows to preserve an equal lack of inquisitiveness.

Bradford was to act as directed and to preserve silence; that must be Bradford's role.

"We don't need such a crowd," announced Frank, "unless we are obliged to resort to force in our self-defence. But I thought it best to have enough fellows within call."

"We appreciate mightily the chance to be in any kind of a good adventure," replied Tod, in answer to Manley's declaration.

"Well, this may prove a great thing, and it may prove to be nothing," replied our hero. "Who can act as my guide to the Italian colony, where our man was located?"

"I can," Tod eagerly volunteered.

"Very good; and I'll want one more of your fellows for a possible emergency. Suppose we take Evans with us?"

The idea exactly suited Evans.

So the three walked rapidly toward the Italian colony, the others following at a little distance and under Hal's orders.

Tod led the way straight to a little cluster of shanties well outside of the town.

Every door and window in the little buildings was closed tightly.

Yet the blinds were open at most of the windows, and good glimpses could be had of the interiors.

With a good deal of caution the three young athletes prowled from one building to another.

To a casual observer not much would have been there to see.

Each little shanty contained a dozen or more Italians of the laboring class.

In each house a game of cards was in progress. Not a little red wine was in evidence.

In all of the houses, in the rooms where the players grouped, the air was thick with tobacco smoke.

"There's our man!" whispered Frank, suddenly.

He had just caught sight of Salpietro.

The fellow was less carefully dressed than at the time of his appearance in Woodstock, yet even now it was apparent that he held himself decidedly above those of his dozen countrymen now in the room.

The other men present were either seated at the table where a game was in progress, or they stood about the other players.

Salpietro sat back in a corner beside a little table on which rested a bottle of red wine. He was smoking a cigar, and appeared to be absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Signor Morelli——" called one of the players at the table, turning to the man in the corner, and then followed some rapid words in Italian.

Salpietro replied in the same tongue, speaking impatiently, as if he desired to be left alone.

Frank drew his two companions well back from the house.

"It all depends on you, now, Evans," explained our hero. "If you do your part successfully, we ought to win. If you fail, the scheme fails. Our man is known here by the name of Morelli. Go and ask for him under that name. Tell him that a man gave you a dollar to bring a message to him. Tell him that he is to follow you, and that you will lead him to that man. Tell him that you were to whisper the word 'Salpietro.' If you get the fellow away from the house, lead him along that road over there. Leave the rest to us. But remember that if you fail to get him to go with you, or if you rouse his suspicions in any way, then our plan is spoiled."

"What does the man look like who paid me to carry the message?" asked Evans, thoughtfully.

Frank gave him a close description of Oscati.

For our hero was well satisfied that Oscati was not in any of the nearby shanties.

Evans disappeared in the darkness.

"He's good for the job, if any one is," muttered Tod.

"And now we've got to make quick time!"

Five minutes later Evans appeared, leading Salpietro down a lonely stretch of road on the way to Bradford.



The Italian, as if half suspicious, persisted in keeping at the rear of his guide.

Evidently the Italian's right hand, thrust into a pocket of his overcoat, grasped some weapon as a protection against treachery.

This suspicion was aroused in the minds of the nine young athletes, who crouched behind a stone wall fringed by bare bushes.

Salpietro heard a slight noise, started, stopped, turned suddenly.

He was just in time to catch sight of a sturdy figure leaping fairly at him.

They clinched.

The road seemed suddenly full of young men.

Before the onslaught Salpietro went down like the runner in a football scrimmage.

"It will be quite useless to struggle, and dangerous to make any sound," warned Frank Manley's quiet voice.

Salpietro's right hand was found to grasp a revolver. This Tod Owen appropriated, emptying out the cartridges and thrusting the weapon into one of his pockets.

Right then and there things happened so fast that the Italian had not time to keep track of them.

His mouth was muffled by ready hands. He was thrown face downward and held that way until his hands had been tied behind him by Inow Sato.

Then a gag was forced into his mouth by the same swift performer.

In the meantime Hal had roped the fellow's ankles.

"Up with him!" commanded Frank.

Hal and Joe, Evans and Distleigh lifted the astonished Salpietro to their shoulders much as they would have hoisted a log.

"This way," proposed Frank.

He led them over the wall, into the woods, and straight down toward the river.

They went by a roundabout way, but without encountering any one.

Four of the fellows acted as flankers, and thus made sure that no stranger or prowler got close enough to the burden carriers to see what was going on.

So at last they found themselves going down the lane that led to the summer boathouse of the Bradfords, now closed for some weeks.

Tod produced a key, letting them into the darkness inside.

Some one lit a match.

"Blow that out," growled Tod. "Wait until I have fixed things."

They stood in a little room next to the locker-room. It was known as the office.

In view of the fact that this room would be used in winter as a skating headquarters there was a stove in the room.

But it was not with this that the Bradford captain concerned himself.

He went to the windows, first pulling down the shades, and then swinging the heavy wooden shutters to.

Now he struck a match and lighted one of the bracket lamps.

"No one outside will know that we are here," he explained, indicating the tightly-covered windows.

Yet, as a precaution, Shirley and Moore had been left outside to make sure that no curious person prowled about.

"It's all yours now," grinned Tod, pointing to the silent figure on the floor.

"Take his gag out," requested our hero.

The Italian glared savagely at all of his young oppressors.

"You shall pay for this, and pay high," he snarled, as soon as the taking away of the gag made it possible for him to speak. "This is a free country, and the law will punish you all for kidnapping me."

Manley answered him coldly:

"A man who stands in the peculiar relation to the law that you do should be careful how he uses its name."

Salpietro regarded our hero curiously.

"What do you mean?" demanded the Italian.

"Do you prefer to have the law take its regular course?"

"Again, what do you mean?"

"Would you like to be taken to join Oscati in the police station at Woodstock?"

There was an instant look of dismay in the fellow's eyes, but it vanished immediately.

"And who is Oscati?"

"A wretch who has as much need of two names as you appear to have," retorted Frank.

"Who would take me to a police station?"

"We are quite capable of it, and the police would hold you on the charge that we can make."

"So?"

Salpietro was beginning to get his self-confidence back.

"Take me to the police station, then," he suggested, shrewdly.

"Take you through an infuriated crowd?" asked Frank.

"Are you eager to be lynched along with your accomplice?"

Frank spoke with a wonderful pretence of sincerity.

"Lynched?" he gasped.

"Have you never heard that our Americans sometimes become so highly provoked that they string criminals up to trees? Do you, who are the lesser criminal, care to share the fate of your chief? If so, Salpietro, alias Morelli, say the word, and we promise freely to take you at once to the Woodstock police station, or as close to it as we can get with you."

At a sign from Hal, who stood in the background, some of the fellows closed in, as if to lift the prisoner.

"Wait," begged the Italian. "How do I know that you speak the truth?"

"If you wish," suggested Frank, "you may forget that we have said anything."

"But what does this course of yours mean? Why have you brought me here in this fashion?"

"Would you believe," inquired our hero, "that we brought you here to save you from a worse fate?"

"What do you propose doing with me?"



"To keep you here safely for perhaps forty-eight hours, or until it is safe for you to go out again," replied Frank. "But understand, Signor Morelli—I beg pardon, Salpietro—you must stay here of your own free will if you stay here at all."

"Stay of my own free will?" jeered the Italian. "That would be strange."

"Then you limit our course to turning you over to the police, or—perhaps—to a mob. Mind, I do not say certainly that a mob would get you. But it is impossible to say what feelings Oscati's confession will produce."

"And if I agree to stay here?"

"After forty-eight hours you will be safe—at least, from a lynching."

"And free to go where I please?" demanded the fellow, upon whom Frank's seriously managed bluff was beginning to work.

"That I cannot promise. But unless you make up your mind at once I shall decide for taking you over to Woodstock to meet what fate may await you. It's all in your own hands. I give you just sixty seconds in which to decide."

Manley stood there, watch in hand.

"Forty-five seconds," he called at last.

"I will stay here," broke in Salpietro.

"Of your own free will?"

"Yes."

"Absolutely of your own free will?"

"Absolutely."

"You will write and sign a paper to that effect?"

"Yes, yes!"

Tod brought paper, pen and ink. Salpietro's hands were freed, and, at Manley's dictation, the fellow wrote and signed a statement that he was not being held a prisoner, but that he stayed of his own free will for protection, and that he would submit to being bound and gagged.

The signed paper our hero turned over to Tod.

Owen and Evans agreed to remain there for the night, Tod promising to get one of his dogs to aid in the task.

"This is the first step in our tactics against the enemy," whispered Frank to his chums just before they broke up to return home as they had come. "Tod and his fellows have acted like bricks. And no one—not even the criminals themselves—will ever think of searching the Bradford boat-house for Salpietro."

## CHAPTER VI.

### WORKING A TANDEM.

Any one who had watched Frank Manley the next evening would have observed that he left his home shortly after half-past seven.

He walked slowly, as if hesitating, toward the river road.

Reaching the beginning of the road, he halted, deliber-

ated, turned back toward Woodstock, and walked swiftly, as if anxious to get home again.

Yet once more he halted, reflected, then slowly and uncertainly turned his steps back toward the river road.

Our hero did not stop again, though he walked at varying gaits and looked constantly around him, as if he dreaded running into some trap.

Yet all of this was pretence, intended to deceive enemies who might be observing his movements.

Once close to the three oaks, Manley walked rapidly, as if anxious to have the business done with.

He reached the oaks, turning in at the roadside under them.

And there he waited for several minutes.

Over in Woodstock a town clock struck the hour of eight.

In the darkness of the woods, perhaps a hundred yards away, a rustling in the underbrush sounded.

A figure could be made out approaching the road.

Whoever the man was, he appeared very much on the alert, looking cautiously around him as he advanced.

Then he came quite close. He wore a white tie, and in his lapel lay a red pink.

But over his face was a mask, only the eyes showing.

He halted within five feet of Manley, holding out his hand.

"Do you know me?" asked Frank, in a low tone.

"I know who you are," came the whispered reply, but this attempt to disguise the voice did not fool our hero.

"It's Oscati," he muttered. "I was sure that it would be."

"Well?" whispered the other, sharply.

"You want to know if I have brought the full sum of money demanded?"

"If you have not, you are to be pitied."

"Wait a minute. Some one is coming," whispered Frank.

"Betray my presence, then, if you dare!" came the warning whisper, and he in the mask slipped back into the darkness.

It was a sturdy young fellow of eighteen who approached, coming from the direction of Woodstock.

"Why, hello, Manley!"

"Good-evening, Distleigh!"

"What are you doing out here?"

"Been on a tramp."

"I've been taking a walk to Woodstock and home," volunteered Distleigh. "But as I came along I thought I saw two people here."

"Your eyes played you a trick, I guess," laughed Manley.

They chatted on ordinary topics for at least two minutes, after which Distleigh stepped off down the road.

By the time that he was out of sight the masked man was back at Manley's side.

"Have you the money?" came the sharp whisper.

"Before I answer that I want to ask some questions."

"Such as what?"

"If I pay the money," propounded Frank, "what assurance have I that I will not be bled for further sums. You



will think I am afraid of you, and you will demand more and more, until you have got the last cent that you think I can raise."

"Our society never strikes twice in the same place," declared Oscati.

"But how do I know that?"

Sharp, merry whistling sounded down the road at that moment.

"Some one coming," warned the masked man. "Stay where you are until he goes by."

The newcomer, though another Bradford boy, pretended not to know Manley.

He halted, asking directions to Bradford, and then chatted for a couple of minutes.

No sooner had this passerby gone along than the masked man was once more at our hero's side.

"See here, Manley! I cannot waste time here. If you have the money, hand it to me. If you haven't, then——"

Approaching footsteps were heard once more.

Another Bradford boy, a pretended stranger, sauntered past.

A casual greeting was followed by a chat.

Passersby came with steady frequency.

Eight Bradfordites had passed by this time and so many "tandem" appearances on the road got on the stranger's nerves.

"Come into the woods," whispered the masked man, darting out when the eighth pedestrian had passed.

"Not with you," replied Manley, drawing back.

"Why not?"

"I might never come out again."

"Ah! Then you have not brought the money!"

"Whether I have or not, you could kill me just the same in there."

"Kill you? I can do it just as easily here."

"But I don't like the idea of going into the woods with you," persisted Manley, shaking his head.

"It is not necessary, then. Hand me the money."

But another pedestrian could be heard approaching.

"Diavolo!" ground out the masked man. "I begin to suspect you!"

"Of what?" asked Frank.

But the masked man had again vanished.

It was Joe Prescott who now came up. He and Frank greeted each other pleasantly, and Joe suggested that they walk along together.

"Can't just now," replied Frank. "In fact, I'm waiting for some one on a rather private matter."

"Oho!" muttered Joe. "Then I'll make myself scarce."

He was off at a brisk walk, but just as the masked man was moving out from his concealment Inow Sato "happened" along.

He, too, wanted our hero to join him in a walk, and to him Frank gave the same excuse that had been offered Joe. Sato vanished.

After an interval the masked man glided out once more.

"Manley, if you are trying to trick me——"

Pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat! sounded the feet of ~~some one~~ running.

It was Jackets, and his arrival was a signal.

After the two had shaken hands they turned quickly into the woods, Manley calling coolly:

"Come out, Oscati!"

"And no fight, or you'll be done for," came Hal's voice, sternly, from behind the Italian.

"Ave Maria!" gasped the sure-enough voice of Oscati. "This is treachery. Some one shall suffer."

"If you have any weapons, forget the fact," warned Manley.

Dismayed, Oscati would have turned to run.

But from all sides he heard feet moving swiftly toward him.

He was hemmed in, Manley and Jackets barring the way to the road.

And at the right hand of the scoundrel Inow Sato, smiling and suave, appeared, while over at the left stood grim Joe Prescott.

Oscati's tremulous right hand was still in his overcoat pocket.

Ere the rascal could resolve to make a desperate attempt at defence, however, the Jap's right foot tripped him and sent him sprawling.

Crack!

It was the discharge of a pistol in the Italian's pocket, but the bullet did no harm.

"I am in need of much forgiveness for being so awkward," murmured Sato, as he threw himself on the fellow's back.

Then was enacted the familiar jiu-jitsu tying-up.

Speedily enough the Italian became aware that he was now surrounded by at least twenty rather "strapping" young fellows.

"Woodstock?" queried Hal, as they yanked the dismayed wretch to his feet.

"Of course," assented Manley. "And, Tod, we'll send a wagon over for the fellow who has been hiding under your protection."

Tod grinned at this reference.

Three members of both clubs joined in the march to Woodstock.

Once in the town, they moved quickly, for of course the crowd of the curious gathered in their wake and grew rapidly in numbers.

At the door of the station-house, however, the crowd found itself turned back, its curiosity unsatisfied.

Oscati, who had preserved a sullen silence during the march, now glared ferociously at our hero and his friends.

His black eyes fairly scintillated with wickedness, though the shrewd fellow was careful to say nothing that could add to his incrimination.

Then, in a wagon, four of the Bradford boys departed to bring over Salpietro.

That rascal seemed utterly crushed when he found Oscati also in the toils.



Both wretches, however, were shrewd enough to say nothing in the presence of others.

Downstairs they were locked up in cells rather far apart. A night policeman was stationed in the cell-room so that he could hear any words that passed between the prisoners there.

Frank stood before Oscati's cell door.

"My unfortunate friend," mocked Manley, "it is too bad that you were not wise enough to heed the warnings of the Hindoo glass. And I had assured you that I had never known its warnings to fail. Why, it was that glass that even directed how you and your rascally partner should be captured."

"What glass are you talking about?" demanded the prisoner, in a surly voice.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the young athlete, cheerfully. "Be sure that there were witnesses to that scene in my parlor. It is a part of the evidence upon which I rely to convict you."

The case against Oscati was certainly clear enough.

As for Salpietro, it could now be fairly well proven that he had mailed the letter from Barberville; and there was also the testimony of Hal and Joe as to the threats of Salpietro at the gymnasium.

"Just to show you that there are no really hard feelings, Oscati," announced Frank, smilingly, "I have left money with the chief to provide yourself and your partner with a bully Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. I am only sorry that you cannot eat it under pleasanter circumstances. But you disobeyed the warnings of the glass."

Both the Bradford and the Woodstock youngsters who had been in the doings were waiting above for our hero.

"To our Bradford friends," announced Manley, "I want to express Woodstock's warm gratitude for your help last night and to-night. Now, by way of feeling sociable, I propose that we all go down to the gym. It is not open for inspection yet, but we can go as far as the office, anyway."

They were soon in the roomy office of the handsome new building, where Manley turned on the electric light.

None of the Bradford boys was rude enough to hint at a look at the gym proper before the regular time came for opening it.

"I am mighty glad that this matter is off my hands," declared Frank. "It would have been an ugly shadow over our great game to-morrow."

"But are you sure that the affair is over?" queried Tod.

"Yes. I am as certain as one can be under the circumstances that Oscati and Salpietro are the whole 'society.' In bagging them, with the help of you all, I have acted under the supposition that it was a society limited to two. Why, before springing the trap to-night you fellows quietly scoured the woods and made sure that Oscati had no confederates concealed there. If it had been a large, organized gang Oscati would not have risked meeting me. And, if he had many men to call upon, he certainly would have had at least one or two of his crowd hidden at hand to watch out for treachery. They would have sounded the

alarm in some way so that Oscati could have tried a dash for freedom. The amount of it all is that the real Black Hand has spread so much terror through the country that now Italians in pairs are trying the blackmail game on their own account."

"But would they have done anything desperate on your refusal to pay, if they had not been caught?" asked Distleigh.

"Oh, undoubtedly. For I believe that, if they had succeeded with me, they meant to try their hand with others roundabout who are richer than I. And had they got away after I failed to pay, they would have revenged themselves upon me as a means of making others more afraid of them. They are desperate men, certainly enough, and the first success in getting money that way would have made them wholly reckless. They would have found plenty of timid people with money enough to make their game pay."

"The only trouble with those fellows," grinned Joe, "was that they started wrong."

"How was that?"

"Why, they began operations with the last person in Woodstock who could be expected to be afraid of them!"

"I hope they two are the last of the gang," said Tod, earnestly.

"If there are any more," laughed Hal, "the others will invite the same fate by hanging around Woodstock."

Outside was the sound of horses' hoofs and wheels.

"The 'bus," announced Frank.

"What 'bus?" asked Tod.

"Why, you fellows didn't think, I hope, that I would let you walk home to-night and get lamed up for to-morrow's game?"

Amid more of the heartiest of thanks for their services the elated Bradford boys left for home in good season.

Hal and Joe strolled with Frank as far as his gate.

"One of us might sleep here to-night," suggested Hal. "Or, for that matter, both of us might stay, and take turns watching through the night."

"And be played out for to-morrow's game," laughed Manley, shaking his head. "No, no. I shall sleep soundly and safely to-night, and if I dream of anything it will be of victory on the gridiron, followed by the finest Thanksgiving dinner in my history."

"Then you are sure that the whole gang is locked up?"

"As certain as mortal can be," retorted Frank, with emphasis.

All mortals, however, are prone to error!

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TRAINING HOUR.

The whistle sounded sharply over the athletic field.

Since shortly after daylight the Up and At 'Em Boys had practiced swiftly and strenuously some of Manley's favorite gridiron plays.

Chief among them had been a tandem trick, which was expected to bring grief to the Bradfords in the afternoon.



"Training hour!" called Manley sharply.

For, this week, the training hour had been ordered for Thursday, instead of, as usual, on Saturday.

There was a brief interval of time allowed, in which all who wished could "shed" as much as they desired of the more cumbersome football toggery.

Then the squad reassembled, prepared to learn what that was "new" had come up in the training scheme of the club.

"The home-made boy is still alive and brainy, I am glad to be able to say," announced Manley.\*

Of course every one looked around to see who was the lucky youth to win out with this week's idea.

Nor had most of the youngsters any difficulty in picking out the home-made boy.

Cranston looked painfully self-conscious.

"Trot out the scheme, Cranston," called Joe, drily.

Cranston and Humphrey disappeared into the locker-house, from the dunnage-room of which they brought out four wooden hurdles, each with sharpened stakes.

Then, with the aid of a fifty-foot tape, they began to mark out a square on the ground.

"It is enough just to mark the sides of the square with a sharpened stick, the way I am doing now," explained Cranston.

"Now, after marking the side lines of the square on the ground, find the center of each side of the square. That, of course, will be twenty-five feet from either end of a side line.

"On each side of the square, at this middle line, drive a hurdle so that the bar of the hurdle crosses the side line of the square at right angles.

"We have four hurdles and four sides to our square, so that one hurdle will go at the middle of each side of the square.

"As to the hurdle, it is so simple that any boy can make one in two or three minutes.

"Select stakes that are two feet or a little more in length. To the tops of two of these stakes nail a cross-bar about three feet in length. A single wire nail is enough to fasten each end of the cross-bar to its own stake.

"Now you have your hurdle ready for placing. Use a sledge-hammer or the head of an ax, and simply drive the stakes of the hurdle into the ground. Of course the lower ends of the stake should be sharpened to something of a point, as has been done with these stakes that I am showing you.

"Go on and set up all your hurdles in the same manner. Now the whole thing is ready for use.

"Such a course as this can be set up in some back yard, or in any vacant lot near a fellow's house.

"For beginners the stakes should be driven so that the cross-bars of the hurdles are about eighteen inches above the ground. As a fellow becomes more and more expert he can have the hurdles higher and higher. But these he will drive so that the cross-bars are eighteen inches from the ground."

It took but a few minutes to set up these simple hurdles in place.

When the work had been done Humphrey stepped back, while Cranston remained to explain his idea.

"Manley has told me," went on the inventor, "that all sorts of devices are needed for improving the wind of some of the newer members, of whom I am one.

"We have had some devices already for working up a good wind in a fellow; but I felt that I could add to the schemes, and this course of hurdles represents my plan.

"Now, the fellow in training runs around in a circle, so that at about every thirty feet he comes to a hurdle that he has to jump over.

"Keep on running around the circle—for of course you don't follow the lines of the square, but make a short, running cut between the hurdles. See how many times you can go around the circle, taking every hurdle as you come to it.

"At first six, or even four times around the circle may make you pant a bit. But in time a fellow should be able to make the circle, so Manley tells me, thirty or forty, or even fifty times."

"With that height of hurdle," broke in Frank, quietly, "any one of our older and good-runners could make fifty times around the circle, taking every hurdle as he came to it. But for the newer members who haven't got their wind in proper shape yet I heartily recommend Cranston's hurdle course.

"As Cranston tells you, many a fellow can rig this up in his back yard, or even in the nearest vacant lot. We'll have the idea in our gym this winter, using our regular hurdles for the practice.

"Now look out, you younger members. I'm likely to pick out any one of you at any time and ask him to go around the circle fifty times. That would mean jumping over two hundred hurdles without stopping the run."

"Of course it's hard for a beginner," resumed Cranston, "but the beauty of this idea is that a fellow who hasn't much wind for running can step out on this course and run just as long as his wind allows him. He can stop when he has to, and yet, no matter how long his run is, he is right at home when his run ends. For the fellow who wants to get up wind for running this hurdle will be found a great invention."

"That's altogether true," nodded Manley. "That's why I have allowed Cranston to bring the hurdles forward as this week's idea in training."

"Couldn't a fellow arrange his hurdle course in a straight line, and run down the line and back?" Dick Foster wanted to know.

\*The "home-made boy" is a feature of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club, and all his ideas are reported faithfully in this Weekly. The "home-made boy" is any member who invents some really valuable form of training apparatus that any bright boy can make at home at little expense. This feature began with No. 1 of Frank Manley's Weekly, the first twelve numbers of which show any reader how he can easily construct for himself apparatus that will enable him to train for athletics as brilliantly and successfully as he could in a gymnasium with the most costly equipment. No such complete course of training, which can be had at almost no expense, has ever been presented before to the readers of any publication. The author of these stories is a practical physical trainer who is constantly engaged in the work of training others to health and strength.—Editor.



"Of course he could," our hero answered. "But it wouldn't be quite as good as the circle course. However, if a fellow arranges a straight-line course he wants to make sure of one thing. He should never have the hurdles more than thirty feet apart."

"Why is that?" inquired another of the newer members.

"It is a good deal of effort to keep running and have to make a jump every ten yards," said the young captain. "It is sure to seem to a fellow that it would be easier if the hurdles were further apart, so that he could run more before he has to take another hurdle. But, with the hurdles further apart, the gymnast won't build up good wind as quickly."

Cranston began running at an easy lope over his own course, throwing his feet well up as he came to a hurdle.

He went around the circle ten times, and then, with his forty hurdles all cleared, withdrew to make room for some one else.

Humphrey began to run.

"Get in there, some more of you," laughed Frank. "On a four-hurdle course at least three fellows can run together, keeping the proper intervals apart."

It was the newer men who tried the hurdles first. Most of them found that ten or twelve times around the course was enough for a starter.

But by and by Joe, Hal and Jackets went on the course. Such low hurdles were easy for these veteran runners.

On and on they went around the course, loafing and smiling, until the bystanders were tired of looking at them.

Then, at a signal from Manley, they loped off the course.

Cranston, who had been keeping tally, announced:

"They made it sixty-nine times around the circle."

"If any one disputes the score," laughed Joe, "we're perfectly willing to go back and do it all over again. It was easy enough."

"Easy enough for you!" muttered one of the new members, who had found that fourteen times around the circle was all he was capable of.

"That lets us out for to-day," declared Frank. "But I suppose all who don't play will be on hand to watch the afternoon's game."

"Oh, will me?" came a chorus.

As if they could miss the Thanksgiving game—the greatest of the year, and the season's good-by to football!

"All ready for you now, Master Tim Felton," said Frank, briskly, as he stepped over to a puny-looking little fellow who had been a silent but eager onlooker.

"I've been watching all the fun!" cried Tim.

"And it is fun, this athletic game, isn't it?"

"Of course it is!" proclaimed the little fellow whom Manley had undertaken to build up into a strong and hearty boy.

"Well, have you followed orders strictly ever since the last time you saw me?"

"I've done everything you told me."

"And nothing more?" insisted Manley.

"Nothing more," protested the little fellow, solemnly.

"Well, then, for the next week or so, keep on with just the system that I've given you so far. But, in addition, build yourself a hurdle course just such as you've seen this morning. Every morning, noon and night—always before eating—go around the circle twice, taking eight hurdles in all."

"And what else?"

"Why, that's enough new work for a little fellow like you," smiled the young trainer. "You can't get strong any quicker by rushing things or piling on the hard work.\* In fact, you'd only injure yourself by attempting too much at once. You've been going to school every morning this week?"

Tim Felton was a little Woodstock boy who, after a long and severe illness, seem destined never to grow strong again. He was unable to attend school, and at the time that Manley took him in hand Tim was being kept indoors and coddled like a hothouse plant. But he made rapid strides toward health and strength from the first hour that Manley took him in charge.

"Yes," said Tim, replying to Frank's question.

"And stood it all right?"

"All right."

"Then go for the full school day after this week."

Tim's eyes sparkled, for he had been very anxious to get back to the full school day.

"But remember," warned Manley, just before he started for the locker-house, "don't try to make up all the lost work right away. Take things a bit easily at school for the present."

"Now, bear in mind, you fellows of the team, and you subs," commanded our hero, good-naturedly, as he dressed after his quick bath, "don't any of you spend the time this morning in racketing around the town or getting yourselves tired or into any kind of trouble. You must save all your energies for the deciding game with Bradford this afternoon. Our former victories won't count for anything if we lose to Bradford."

Of course they promised.

As for Frank, he hurried home to breakfast. He had promised to escort his mother to church this Thanksgiving morning.

He was just turning the corner of the short street on which he lived when five shots rang out as quickly as they could be discharged from a double-action revolver.

Within the space of three seconds five bullets had passed him—the third bullet snipping away the cloth from his left shoulder.

The shots had come from behind.

One swift look Frank shot over his shoulder, but he failed to see the would-be assassin or the smoke of a weapon.

Then, for a boy of his reputed courage, he did a strange thing.

\*The start of the course of training that made a strong boy of puny little Tim Foley is described in No. 9, of Frank Manley's Weekly, and will be continued in every number after that for a while.—Editor.



For he dashed away at the fastest sprint of which he was capable, heading straight for the house.

Manley was thinking, now, only of the afternoon game.

It was simply out of the question to run any risks of being hurt until that game had been played to the end of the second half.

If any one else heard the shots they were not heeded on this holiday, when so many men and boys discharge fire-arms by way of celebrating.

Frank Manley's thought, as he dashed up the steps to his door, was:

"I must have made a pretty big mistake in assuming that I had all of the enemy bagged when I helped to put Oscati and Salpietro under lock and key!"

A mistake, indeed, unless it were these five shots, which had come so near to finishing him, had been fired by another enemy still of whose existence he had not even a suspicion.

He escorted his mother to church as planned, but a telephone message had been enough to get a bodyguard to church and home again supplied by Hal and Joe.

That precaution was taken in order that a possible enemy might be scared off by the sight of a vigilant bodyguard.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE THANKSGIVING GAME.

"It will all be Bradford's!"

"In the sweet by and by!"

"No, no! To-day!"

"Are there any more in the bug-house like you?"

"B-r-a-d-f-o-r-d! BRADFORD!"

In answer to this came the old, familiar proclamation:

"Well, well, well!

Who are we?

"Now, we're up—

Now, we're at 'em—

Wait and see!"

But Bradford rooters were ready and eager.

"How about football?" taunted back Woodstock.

"All Bradford's!"

"Are you betting on record?" demanded Woodstock, with withering sarcasm.

"No! On form!" came back, valiantly, from the Bradford seats.

These volleys of jeering and of praise were fired back and forth on the grandstand.

The youngsters who were really to decide the fortunes of the day were over in the locker-house, dressing with unusual care.

Old Hek Owen, father of Tod Owen, and patron and backer of the Bradford club, saw his own youngsters

started with their dressing, then crossed the little hall and pecked into the Woodstock quarters.

At first sight of his face the home youngsters set up a yell of welcome.

That decided Hek to step right in among the youngsters who had so often and effectively done up his own pet.

"How's the betting going to-day Mr. Owen?" called out one youngster.

"Haven't heard," admitted Hek.

"Placing any bets yourself?"

"Not a bet."

"How would you play the odds if you did bet?"

"Haven't made up my mind," returned Hek, guardedly.

"That settles it. We're going to lose," sniffed Joe to Hal.

"What makes you think so?"

"It is likely, always, to be a bad sign for us when Hek won't blow for Bradford ahead of the scoring."

"Does he really look for Bradford to beat us out to-day?"

"Where do you get your news?" demanded Joe, in a scornful whisper. "All Bradford looks for us to bite the dust to-day."

"Are we going to do it?"

"Tell you at the end of the second half," retorted Prescott.

"Players and subs to the field!" called Manley, two minutes later.

There was a rush to get out. In the little hallway Woodstock and Bradford boys mingled in the effort for exit.

Outside the warming-up work began at once.

But Frank and Hal, after a short, rather fast run, halted beyond the side-lines furthest from the grandstand.

"Gracious! What a jam!" muttered Manley. "It beats anything in the way of a crowd we've ever had before."

"And Al Adams has just sent in word from the box-office that we have a bigger attendance from Bradford than ever before in our history."

"It looks as if there wouldn't be an early Thanksgiving dinner in Woodstock," laughed Frank.

Every seat on the grandstand was occupied. There had been an attempt to jam the aisles, but this crowd had been pushed back to the rear of the stand.

The bleacher seats of the summer were packed so densely that no one had room to turn.

Out on the ground the crowd pressed and surged so that Chief Griswold, two policemen and several volunteers from the home club were kept busy preventing an invasion of the side-line precincts.

"There goes the call for the captains," warned Hal, suddenly.

Now the tumult from the spectators, which had been slumbering, broke forth in a nerve-racking din as Manley and Tod Owen bounded forward to meet at the toss.

Tod won. He chose, as captains usually do when the wind is not high and objectionable, for the kick-off.

Manley named Woodstock's first goal.

And now, at the very climax of the din from the onlookers, the two old rival teams lined up for the last and the greatest game of the year.



The signal! The ball was in the air—on its first flight! Bradford leaped forward, like a pack of hounds released from the leash.

There was almost breathless silence as Woodstock came down the field with the pigskin.

Then came the impact, the clash, the grim, determined scrimmage.

The ball was down. Woodstock had failed to get it another foot forward after the meeting of the lines.

After three downs Bradford got the ball.

It was slow, desperate fighting, but all seemed in favor of the visitors to-day.

Once Woodstock got the ball back under the five-yard rule, but under the operation of the same rule Bradford recovered the pigskin.

It was valiant, clever work after that.

Bradford had taken up with Manley's old tackle-back work, but with the extra "wrinkle" of calling the right tackle back and putting him just behind left tackle.

With this, twice repeated, and a run around the right end, Bradford got the ball down close to Woodstock's twenty-five yard line.

Then Bradford lined up for a fake kick.

A yell, commingled of joy and dismay, went up when Bradford's full-back received the ball in sober earnest, making a drop kick for goal.

Up it soared, travelling as straight as a football can be kicked.

It was over the heads of the players—out of reach.

Woodstock's backs ranged swiftly back, yet to no purpose.

It was a drop kick from field, and a true one.

Bradford had started the game to going briskly by scoring four points!

The first half was more than half gone by.

Play was quickly resumed.

At first Woodstock had the advantage. Little Sato was at his best. Manley worked like a Trojan. Hal, at center, kept the line as stiff as seven youngsters of their age could make it.

Slowly but surely Bradford was hurled back toward its own goal.

At last, however, by three poor scrimmages, Woodstock lost the ball.

Not a bit of Bradford's wind, strength or speed seemed to have flown. First, by a brilliant and deceptive play through center-guard hole, and then by a fake pass to left half, Tod himself, as quarter, running with the ball, Bradford picked up much lost territory.

But now a brilliant run around the right end by Bradford's left tackle fooled even Manley.

On and on sped the Bradford runner, to the tune of hoarse cheers.

Manley got him just in the nick of time, and the ball was down.

It was perilously close to Woodstock's goal, though!

Finally, under the five-yard rule, Woodstock got the pigskin tardily.

Not much was accomplished by this, however.

Frank simply could not get the ball forward from that point.

Bradford seemed capable now of getting through Hal's stiffest line.

And then came the bitter moment in which Woodstock was pushed back for a safety, thus giving two points more to the enemy, but averting a greater disaster.

There were but five minutes left to play. Though Woodstock got the ball up around the center line, Bradford could not be put in danger.

The whistle sounded.

First half—six to nothing for Bradford!

Manley's players felt almost dazed by this new and wonderful playing.

It was worth much, however, to see old Hek's radiant face as he turned to friends behind him on the grandstand.

"It has taken our youngsters a long while to get up this style of game," said he, "but we seem to have arrived at last!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THAT GREAT TANDEM TRICK.

There could not be the excuse that new and untried men were being played on the team.

Both elevens were playing the same line-up that they had used in the last two games together.

Nor was it possible for Woodstock to console itself with that often convenient excuse—too little practice.

This game had come at the very end of the season, after the hardest and most painstaking practice.

There were serious looks on the faces of most of the members of the home eleven.

One exception, however, was Frank Manley. In a grave crisis his face was so calm and immobile that one could not guess what he thought.

For the first two minutes of the intermission he walked alone, slowly, and with head down.

Then he halted, signaling for the home players to close in around him.

"I need hardly say that we don't like this kind of treatment," began Manley. "But I have formed my plans, as far as I can form them ahead.

"We must play both swiftly and powerfully in this next half. I know how strong and stiff Bradford is, but we must find a weak point somewhere, and we must force the fighting at that point.

"We shall have the kick-off, and the first fighting will be somewhere on Bradford's side of the line. We must block—we've got to block!—that Bradford advance. Just hang on to 'em!

"We've got to get that ball away, and we've got to get it down near their twenty-five-yard line. Then we'll signal for the kick for goal. Dispose of yourselves, all on the alert



as if for a fake kick. But, Bob, that ball will come to you, and you will be looked to to kick a whizzing goal. That's our best and first strike against the kind of game Bradford is able to put up now. If we make those four points we shall have heart to do something else even better. But we've got to be swift in forcing the chance for that kick. Keep yourself steady for that kick, Bob!"

Everett smiled quietly. He had been nick-named "Old Reliable," for the reason that he rarely disappointed when everything rested on him.

Almost without halt, it seemed, that fateful second half was on.

Hal's kick-off was a great one, and Bradford had to run fast in returning with the ball.

It was stopped at the forty-yard line.

Right here Woodstock's blocking tactics came in.

Bradford simply couldn't get that ball ahead, and, after three downs, lost it.

"Now, hammer back!" gritted Manley.

But Bradford was no novice at the blocking game, either. The visitors got the pigskin back, only to meet Woodstock's grim, resolute blocking.

"Break away there, and play real football!" appealed an enthusiast from the grandstand.

The two elevens were playing for very life.

It was Woodstock's ball once more. Now Bradford was forced to yield, slowly, yet, as it seemed, fatally.

Manley's youngsters were fairly grinding their way along.

At last the twenty-five-yard line was reached. Bradford fighting sullenly on the defensive.

Now, the expected signal came.

So cleverly were the dispositions made, so deceptive it all was, that Bradford's silent verdict was:

"A fake kick! Why didn't they try for a real one?"

Swift as a flash Tod had his arrangements made.

Then the ball went back.

The lines clashed, Bradford staring hard to see just where the break through was to be attempted.

Whack! Everett, who had seemed on the point of flight, suddenly steadied himself.

The ball rose—it soared!

Though Bradford's backs raced to the defense there was no stopping the almost majestic flight of that pigskin.

Fairly over the cross-bar it sailed—and Bob Everett had put another rivet in his nickname by making a magnificent drop-kick for the goal.

"That was pretty neatly done," mumbled old Hek, his face lengthening a trifle. "But our boys were first with that. They showed Woodstock how to work it."

"Now, Frank!"

It was a tremendous yell that went up from Woodstock throats. It was repeated again and again. Home confidence in its young athletic leader was coming back.

But Manley knew well how much of the hard battle lay yet ahead.

If he had not fully guessed it, he would have been enlightened by a glimpse of Tod Owen's firm, set face.

They were friends now, off the field, but in the contest as determined enemies as ever.

With this difference: That nowadays all was honest, straightforward, generous warfare on both sides.

Woodstock's hopes, once up, soon fell with the fickleness of the barometer.

There were no quick, dashy plays in the minutes that followed.

It was all block, block; block—and if Bradford could keep up this style successfully to the end, then Hek Owen would yet ride home with the laurels.

Ten minutes to play!

The onlookers rubbed their eyes in bewilderment. Could the great game truly be so far spent?

And where was Manley?

What was he doing, after that one brilliant, saving bit in which he had taken no direct part?

Had he contented himself with the tasks of the work-horse and forgotten what he had known of football strategy?

For those who sat on the seats of the anxious had not—could not have—real knowledge of the problems that racked the brain of the young general of the gridironed field.

With but ten minutes left to play Woodstock was only at the enemy's thirty-five-yard line, with the scene of action purposely shifted so far toward the grandstand through Tod's maneuvering that a kick from field could not easily be accomplished.

Worst of all, in one more down, if the next effort failed, the pigskin would go over into Bradford's hands.

"Seventeen—eleven—four—K—two—L!"

How Woodstock nerved itself for the effort.

For this was the signal for the last desperate effort—the tandem trick in which Manley had drilled his men for more than a week.

At the outset it was a puzzler, a brain-racker for Bradford.

For what could it mean when Hal Spofford, the heart and life of Woodstock's line, dropped nimbly back from his post at center?

He darted to post back of Woodstock's right tackle, while Joe moved into center over the ball, and Dick Gaylord moved up to fill Prescott's place.

Swiftly as the arrangement was made, it was a new one on Bradford—one that stuck and puzzled.

Before Bradford could recover, before Tod Owen had time to guess, the ball was in play.

Back to Inow Sato it travelled.

He, turning like a flash to the right, passed the ball to Hal.

In the same instant both darted toward the home team's right tackle.

On came Manley and the other two backs, all bearing down for the one point in the home line.

All depended on Hal!

Frank's splendidly trained tandem rushed into action.



It looked like a foolhardy risk, but Manley's brain had cleared for the fight.

The tandem shot in to do or die!

As they raced at him, Jack Hollister, at right tackle, seemed all but to fade in the way that he fell up against Prentiss.

But the hole was made in Woodstock's line where it had been least looked for.

Supported splendidly by Woodstock's whole back field, Hal fought and was pushed through all resistance.

More!

As Hal got through and started to run, his tacklers fell in the way of Manley and Sato, who had formed for the runner's interference.

Right behind them, supporting and fighting, came Everett and McGuire.

Flesh and blood could not withstand the onslaught, at once so crafty and so crushingly powerful.

Hal fought and was pushed through Bradford's last bulwark.

Over the line—a touchdown—and the spectators roared as they leaped to their feet and waved whatever came most handy.

Hal, flushed and triumphant, came back.

But Joe was still playing at center.

It was his kick for goal, and he scored.

Ten to six now, for Woodstock.

Five minutes to play!

Five minutes that were all but wasted.

For Bradford could not rally from such a walloping as that.

The game closed with the same score—ten to six!

Woodstock was still champion.

Moreover, though it had played but few games, it had played strong teams.

Now, here, at the end of the season, Manley's club stood with a record unmarred except by a single defeat!

Old Hek sighed.

"It seems like old times, after all," he admitted, glumly.

Frank caught the flutter of just one flag from the grandstand that thrilled him.

Kitty Dunstan stood behind that little, wildly-fluttering bit of hunting. His mother was there, but she sat still, calmly enjoying her son's triumph.

Woodstock, happy and proud, went home to its belated Thanksgiving dinner.

## CHAPTER X.

### A TRICK BY WIRE.

The dinner over, and Thanksgiving night arrived, Manley found himself between the horns of a dilemma.

He knew that such a night should be spent with his mother.

At the same time Kitty Dunstan had telephoned, at the

last moment, inquiring whether anything had changed his plans; and, if so, if he would come up to the house on the hill.

The Jacksons were to be there, with Miss Fannie. It was certain, therefore, that Joe would accept an invitation to call.

As Grace Scott was also with the Dunstons, in the absence of her parents, Hal would just as certainly accept.

That Frank wanted to go was beyond question, but duty won, and he decided to remain at home.

"We will have a quiet evening together, mother," he declared, after the girl had cleared the table.

"A quiet evening?" smiled his mother. "Why, do you wish to be quiet?"

"Why, er—er—"

"I have remembrance enough of my own youth to know what would suit you vastly better, my boy. So I have invited in some friends for the evening, and we shall have a quiet game of cards. That leaves you free, you see, if there is anything that you would prefer to playing cards with old people."

Manley was at the telephone like a flash.

Of course it was not too late for the young athlete to alter his plans.

An hour later he set out for the walk up the hill in the highest spirits.

There were few passers-by on the street. It was still early in the evening, and nearly every one was indoors.

Manley was a block above Main street when he turned into the road that led up over the hill.

Crack! crack!

The two shots rang out forty yards behind him at the corner.

There was no football game at stake now—nothing to hinder Frank from acting.

Swift as a flash he whirled about.

He was just in time to see the second shot.

While the first bullet had gone fully three feet wide of him, the second fanned his cheek with its swift breeze.

It was too dark to catch sight of the assailant right at the corner.

"I'll catch him red-handed!" gritted the young athlete.

It was just as possible that his enemy would "catch" him, but that fact our hero ignored.

Yet, though Manley ran toward the corner from which the shots had come, he did not sprint.

Too sudden an approach on his part might "rattle" the assailant for a moment and leave him face to face with Manley with some shots left in his weapon.

It was Frank's hurriedly conceived plan to give the assailant time to take to his heels, and then to dash after him and give him a blow from the rear.

But as Manley turned the corner, there was only one person in sight—a woman.

She came toward him breathless, panting.

Even in the first moment of meeting Frank saw her strong, supple figure, which was rather above the average height for a woman.



He saw, also, the great profusion of gold-colored hair.

She was a splendidly attractive young woman—Manley saw that much in his first glance.

But now she was plainly terrified.

Her breath was coming convulsively, and she almost tottered as she walked.

Just as Manley reached her, the young woman stopped, leaning against the building for support.

"Oh, I was dreadfully frightened!" she gasped. "That man was so reckless!"

"Man?—"

"Yes, the one who fired his revolver so quickly."

"You saw him?"

"I saw him almost where you are standing now. He hurried forward, looked around the corner—"

"Yes! Yes!"

"After shooting, he turned and came up the street past me. He was brandishing his pistol. I thought he was going to shoot me. You must have heard me scream."

"I didn't. But I came as quickly as I could anyway. Madam, the shots were fired at me."

"At you?"

She looked at the young athlete swiftly and incredulously.

"So if you will tell me which way the man ran—" went on Manley, hurriedly.

"I was too frightened to notice."

"But he went past you?"

"Yes."

"On this side of the street?"

"Why, yes!"

"Then he must have darted in at some door on this block. There wasn't time for him to reach the next corner," Frank decided, hastily.

And his next thought was:

"I've lost too much time to do anything this time. A man who is trying to get away must have had plenty of time by now."

So he asked:

"Madam, can you describe the man to me?"

She attempted to do so, in one of the sweetest voices Manley had ever heard.

From her description the young athlete gathered that the man whom he sought was probably a little below medium height, rather broad, and dark of feature.

"And you can remember no more?" Frank urged.

"Nothing."

"Haven't you any idea how he was dressed?"

"I fear I was too frightened to notice that."

Frank was keenly disappointed.

The description that had been furnished him was so vague as to be all but worthless.

"Thank you just the same, madam," said Frank. "If the fellow gets on my track again to-night I shall not miss him. I shall take great pleasure in wringing his neck. But I beg your pardon!"

"It is not necessary. I can understand how angry you must be."

Frank offered to escort the young woman to her friends, but she assured him that she now felt able to walk by herself.

"And doubtless, under the circumstances, you think I would be a very dangerous escort, anyway. Good evening!"

He lifted his hat and walked briskly away, though now very much on his guard.

"Some stranger spending the holiday here," Manley thought, and speedily forgot her.

His course had changed.

Instead of going to the Dunstan house he walked down to the telegraph office and there wrote a message of some length.

After sending it off, he turned once more, and soon reached the Dunstan home without further incident.

It was a jolly evening, such an evening as only young people can have on Thanksgiving in a big and hospitable home.

Not once did Frank refer to his recent adventure until he spoke briefly of it to Hal and Joe on their way home.

Then the youngsters stepped into Indian file, with Hal some fifteen yards ahead of Manley, and Joe about the same distance to the rear.

Had any one opened fire on them he would have had an excellent chance of being captured.

Manley's two chums insisted on guarding him to his door.

There was no school, of course, in the morning.

The Up and At 'Em Boys met a little later than usual, and had a longer practice bout than was usual except on Saturdays.

But on this Friday morning there was no football.

"Everything in its season," was the motto of these Woodstock boys, so football had been laid on the shelf for that year.

General gymnastics took the place of the game.

Nothing was said of the two adventures of the day before until Hal and Joe walked homeward with our hero.

"There was something that I didn't tell you fellows last night," began our hero.

"Something about the girl with the yellow hair and the saintly eyes?" suggested Joe, slyly.

"No," laughed Manley. "It was something else. I believe I have found a way to get on the track of the fellow who is amusing himself by taking pot-shots at me."

"Lots of luck to you in that game!" cried Hal.

"Are you going to explain?" demanded Joe.

"Certainly. It occurred to me that if Oseati and Salpietro are engaged in extorting money by threats, they must be old hands at the game. In other words, they must have a record."

"And you have been after the record?" demanded Hal.

"Yes; as a means to something else."

"What else?"

"I not only want to know their records, but I want to know who the other members of their gang are, if they have a gang. So I wired to New York."



"To the New York police?" ventured Prescott.

"Now, when did the New York police ever show any skill in running down Italian criminals of this class?" retorted Manley. "No, sir! I haven't troubled the police."

"Then to the Italian consul-general, who must keep some sort of track of his countrymen in this part of the United States?" asked Hal.

"No: not to him, either. The consul-general might know, but it isn't his business to tell me. Do you remember that little New York reporter, Sturgess, who was here when there was all that excitement about your Uncle Eb, Joe?"

"Yes; but how can Sturgess help you, except through the New York police?"

"Why, there are several Italian newspapers published in New York. Sturgess must know some of the Italian newspaper men. Now, they know more about their countrymen than any other Italians in this country. And Sturgess is very likely to know some good, straightforward Italian journalist who will be able to set him right. I wired last night, and I rather look for a telegram by the time that I get home."

Manley's guess had been a good one. The telegram lay, unopened, on the dining-room table.

Mrs. Manley had breakfasted, but had left the table arranged for her son, so the youngsters had a clear field.

How Frank Manley's eyes opened as he read that rather long message, first silently to himself, and then aloud to his chums.

The telegram, signed by Sturgess, ran as follows:

"My friend Ricardo is certain he knows men described in your wire. Man you call Oscati he says is rightly named Alvierdo. Salpietro's right name is Mascati. Both have criminal record, and both wanted this city. They are pals, but have no gang so far as Ricardo knows. There is a handsome young woman, blonde, beautiful voice, saintly eyes, who is married and devoted to Alvierdo. She is known as Stella Alvierdo. If there's a good news story behind your wire, let me know immediately."

"Stella Alvierdo? Great Scott! It was she whom I met last night," gasped Frank.

"And she who fired the shots at you!" cried Hal.

"Of course," admitted Manley, swallowing hard.

"A clever actress—a superb liar!" flashed Joe.

"Her acting will be of no use next time, if only I can find her!" gritted Manley.

"Or her lying, either," grinned Hal.

"If a beautiful woman of her description is in Woodstock, it'll be like finding a pile of oat-bags on top of a haystack," chuckled Joe.

"It won't take us long," observed Frank, with a queer, meaning smile. "But first of all, I must wire Sturgess."

So, to the useful reporter in New York, Manley wired laconically:

"Why don't you come up with New York officers to get the two men? There may be a news story in it by that time."

"That'll fetch him," laughed Frank.

As the three youngsters stepped out of the telegraph office Hal inquired:

"What now?"

"I guess you've forgotten breakfast," nudged Manley. "That will have to be attended to as soon as we find out whether the golden-locked young woman has left this town by train."

Inquiries at the station afforded no information of the departure of the young Alvierdo woman.

"When I get home," resumed Frank, "I'll 'phone Chief Griscomb, so that he can have the men held until New York officers get here. Then breakfast, and, after that—"

"Stella!" finished Joe, drily.

"We'll be at your house as soon as we've eaten," promised Hal.

Three-quarters of an hour later the youngsters once more left Frank Manley's house.

They were on the threshold of a romantic adventure, indeed!

Frank's first guess was the correct one.

She was a guest at the hotel, though under the American-sounding name of Rose Gordon.

Yet the woman was "out" for the present.

Of that there could be little doubt, for the key to her room was in the letter-rack back of the clerk's desk.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WAS THE SWEET VOICE TRUE?

Hal looked desperately disappointed as the three youngsters walked toward the door of the office.

"Just as likely as not she has taken to her heels," he declared in an undertone.

"We can't tell," muttered Joe.

"And don't you guess where she is?" smiled Manley.

"Oh, of course!" retorted Hal, quickly.

"Surely enough," nodded Joe. "Alvierdo must be brought into court this morning. She has gone there to see what happens to him."

"And you two will go to court, too. Nothing is more natural than that you should be there, for Mr. Griscomb expects you to testify as to the way you helped to work the tandem the other night by walking past me, one after the other, on the river road. And I shall have to be there for the same reason. And Miss Gordon, as she now calls herself, will be there. But you will not see her gold-colored hair, nor will you look into the saintly eyes."

"Why not?" challenged Joe.

"Because she knows that I shall have to be there, and she will be plainly dressed and heavily veiled. You'll find her in one of the rear seats of the court-room. Now, whatever you do, fellows, don't look at her curiously, long or often. We don't want her to suspect that she is being watched."

"We're likely enough to have a drama in court," suggested Hal, apprehensively.

"Why do you say that?"



"If all I've ever read about handsome women criminals is true, they like to make themselves dramatic even at the risk of getting themselves in serious trouble."

"And so—?"

"Frank, old fellow, you keep your eyes mighty wide open, or that woman with the saintly eyes will edge up close and shoot to kill. She'll be determined not to miss this time."

"I look for nothing of the kind," returned Manley, simply.

"Don't be too sure! When a woman of that kind takes it into her head to do something she doesn't care for consequences."

"This one does; she cares," Frank interposed, drily.

"More likely not!"

"If she had been willing to risk all on a chance of killing me," rejoined Manley, "she had a splendid chance last night. I did not suspect her, and I was within an arm's length of her. She could almost certainly have shot me had she cared to take a chance."

"Yet in court it may be altogether different," objected Joe, gravely. "That would be just the place for a dramatic crisis. She might suddenly blaze up, and—"

"Blaze away?" our hero queried, laughingly. "Oh, she won't. She has other plans in her woman's mind, and she won't risk her liberty just yet. I shall be as safe as the judge in the court-room."

"At least, Hal and I can be on either side of the woman," proposed Joe.

"Which would be just what I don't want you to do. I don't want this young woman to have the slightest suspicion that she is being watched, or even that she has been noticed. Now, remember, when we get in the court-room, no nudging, or whispered remarks; no particular attempt even to locate Miss Alvierdo, Gordon, or whatever she prefers to be called."

While this conversation continued in low tones the three chums had strolled down the street toward the building in which the court-room was.

It was just before time for court to open when they arrived.

Jackets and Sato were there before them.

So, too, were Tod Owen, Evans, Shirley, Moore and Distleigh from Bradford.

There were a dozen other witnesses or loungers present, and among them three women.

Only one was heavily veiled.

Despite that mask Manley knew her the instant that he saw her.

Neither Hal nor Joe looked in her direction at all, at first, and our hero's glance was only of the most fleeting and indifferent kind.

Hal stepped silently yet adroitly behind his chum. He was apprehensive that the woman might attempt to fire, and Spofford was determined that his own back should be presented instead to a possible bullet.

It was something of a sigh of relief that escaped Hal when the trio found themselves among the other youngsters

in seats at the side of the room, from which position the veiled woman could be watched.

Judge Lee soon took his seat. Chief Griscomb, who came in but an instant before the judge, requested that the case of the Italians be brought up first.

The chief added that his reason for making this request was that he wanted the prisoners remanded for another day.

Oscati and Salpietro, both handcuffed, were brought in at the last moment.

They scowled at the array of young athletes from the two towns, shot a look of especial hatred at Manley, and then ignored all the spectators.

"Remanded until to-morrow," said the judge briefly, when he had heard the request of the chief of police.

The prisoners, still sullen, were taken out.

But the young woman did not rise to go.

"She's waiting for a shot at Frank as he passes," was Hal's apprehensive conjecture.

Frank did not delay long about his going. He passed the veiled young woman without looking at her.

But Hal and Joe were close behind.

A single movement on the part of the woman, although Manley's chums did not appear to be observing her, would have been the sign for them to leap at her.

On the sidewalk Frank waited at the curb.

As he took his position he passed a quiet signal to Hal and Joe that they understood, and they crossed the street.

The veiled young woman came out at last.

Frank looked at her, though his glance seemed only casual.

For just an instant she halted, as though deliberating.

Then she went on again down the street toward the hotel.

By the time that she had gone a hundred yards there was a quick, though not a hurried, step behind her.

She turned quickly, recognized Manley, and for an instant seemed undecided.

But Frank's cap was lifted, as he asked, politely and pleasantly:

"Miss Gordon, may I walk along with you to the hotel? You will see me in the parlor, will you not? I admit that my request is a little unusual, but I shall gladly explain why I have asked this favor."

"By what name did you call me, sir?" she asked in a low but very sweet voice.

Frank knew that voice at once.

"I addressed you as Miss Gordon."

"Do you think it possible that you have made a mistake?"

"In the name?" Manley inquired.

"In the name."

"It is quite possible that I have made an error," rejoined our hero. "But when you wear so thick a veil you will admit, I hope, that such a mistake would be excusable. But I may go with you, may I not, and say a few words to you in the parlor?"

His tone was so respectful that it seemed difficult for her to decline.



She did not answer in words, but her silence gave him tacit permission, for she permitted him to walk at her side.

And now Frank, though he did not seem to be observing her, was conscious that her breast was rising and falling rapidly.

He did not attempt to speak, even of casual things, but preserved utter silence as he walked with the young woman to the ladies' entrance of the hotel.

At the door she halted, looking at him searchingly through her heavy veil.

Frank felt her eyes, though he could not see them distinctly.

"You are coming up?" she asked.

"It will be a great kindness, if you permit me," replied Manley, in his gentlest tone as he stepped forward to hold the door open for her.

Yet he was cautious enough to step to her right side, where he might be close enough if she were to make an effort to use her right hand.

The young woman passed in and went slowly up the steps, Frank following her softly.

At the head of the flight she turned to her left, entering the ladies' parlor.

It proved to be unoccupied, save for these two newcomers.

The young woman walked to the middle of the large room, then turned quickly on our hero, who was a few feet behind her.

"You intimated that you had something to say to me?" she hinted.

"I have, Miss Gordon."

"You may say it."

Frank felt that her keen eyes were roving over his face.

"Won't you be seated, Miss Gordon?" Manley inquired politely, as he pushed a chair toward her.

With a slight gesture of impatience the young woman sank into the seat.

"Miss Gordon, will you do me the very great favor of raising your veil?"

Her foot tapped the floor angrily as she retorted:

"Now, you are passing from strange to impertinent!"

"I trust not, Miss Gordon."

"You insist on addressing me by that name."

"Because it is the one under which you registered in this hotel."

"And now, sir, you speak as if you would intimate that I am travelling under an assumed name."

"If I were to say that, then certainly I would be guilty of impertinence," responded Manley quickly.

The young woman's foot tapped as if she felt that she was losing in this passage at words.

"Will you kindly raise your veil, Miss Gordon?"

"You make the request, sir, almost as if it were a command. What is your reason. You speak like a member of the police. Are you one?"

"I do not belong to the police, Miss Gordon, as your perception would tell you if you were more familiar with the police yourself."

"I familiar with the police! Really, sir, your conversation is becoming more strange every moment."

"Will you kindly raise that veil, Miss Gordon?"

"What do you mean by this insolence?"

"How can I tell until I have seen your face?"

"Why do you wish to see it?"

"In order to judge whether it resembles a face that I have seen before. Surely, I am asking very little, Miss Gordon."

"I am going to leave you. You can find your own way out. Your tone and conduct are a trifle overbearing, Mr. —"

"Manley," Frank supplied promptly. "Will you please raise that veil, Miss Gordon?"

With a sudden cry of anger she tore the veil away from her face, casting the fabric to the floor.

Frank took a good look at the features of a truly beautiful young woman.

"I was not mistaken," he said simply.

Yet, though the face was the same, it had a very different look from the face at which he had gazed the night before. Then the eyes had given to the face an expression almost seraphic. Now the anger flashing in the eyes and the defiance expressed at the corners of the mouth made her look more like a beautiful fury.

Manley, however, had gazed upon anger too often to be unduly impressed by it.

"You are the young woman I met last night," he went on coolly, and with no abatement of his politeness. "At that time I had just been fired upon by some one whom I thought acted in revenge for two Italians whom I had helped into jail. The man who had fired the shots had escaped, and your description of him was—pardon me—quite imperfect. This morning the two Italians are arraigned in court, and you go there, as a spectator, heavily veiled. Even after you leave the court-room you tacitly deny your identity. Quite a peculiar combination of circumstances, isn't it, Miss Gordon?"

Frank still smiled as amiably as if he were not accusing her.

"What do you mean to intimate?" she demanded, her gaze searching his eyes.

"Merely that I shall be glad to listen to anything that you wish to say, Miss Gordon."

"That will not take me long. All I care to say is—good morning."

She rose as if she would pass out of the room.

Yet at a very simple gesture from Manley she sank into her seat once more.

"You have not said all, Mr. Manley?"

"Not quite. But now, I take it, you permit me to address you as Miss Gordon."

"If you wish," she replied, somewhat haughtily.

"Would it please you better if I were to address you by the name of Alvierdo?"

That question, uttered in a very low tone, nevertheless caused the young woman's face to turn ghastly white for a moment.



Then slowly the color struggled back into her cheeks.

"So you did come here to insult me?" she cried bitterly.

"Is there anything insulting in such a name?"

"Why do you offer to apply the name to me?"

"I did in the belief that you would admit that you are often known as Stella Alvierdo."

A strange gleam flashed into her eyes.

"Well, yes, I often am known by that name," she answered suddenly. "Since it is plain that you know all about me, may I ask what more you wish?"

"Miss Gordon—pardon me, Alvierdo—I have a very strong suspicion that it was you who fired shots after me on two occasions?"

"You wish to hand me over to the police, I presume?"

Her right hand was travelling furtively toward a dress pocket.

"Be good enough, madam," Frank begged, smilingly, "to keep both of your hands out in sight."

"Why?"

"It is a very rude thing for me to have to say, but I suspect that you are reaching guardedly for a revolver or other weapon. In fact, I am rather certain that I can make out the shape of a revolver butt through the folds of your dress at the side."

"You do not seem afraid?" she half jeered.

"No, I am not afraid. But it would complicate matters if you were to put your hand in your dress pocket."

"Is that a threat?"

"No; believe me, I do not threaten women."

But his eyes, though smiling, seemed hard and uncompromising. This young woman, accustomed to judge just how far her fascinations could be employed to a man's undoing, felt that with Manley her beauty would not avail her. Her weakness might.

"I do not know how much you know," she went on suddenly in a low but very distinct voice. "Since you know my real name, however, it is probable that you know as much about me as you need to."

"Probably," assented Frank, still with grave deference in his tone.

"Therefore," she went on, "I am going to do something that may seem foolish, or even desperate. I am going to throw myself on your mercy."

"Probably that is about as wise a thing as you could do, madam, if you do so—pardon me—honestly."

"I shall be wholly honest with you," she went on, and there was a new and strange charm in the voice that she knew so well how to handle. "I will begin by admitting that I did shoot at you on both occasions. Even now there is a revolver in my pocket, as you had guessed."

"But I must tell you, Mr. Manley, why I did it. You cannot understand, as well as a woman would, what my love has meant to me. I have been devoted to one of the men whom you saw in court this morning."

"When that man fell into trouble I felt that, no matter at what cost, I must revenge myself upon his persecutor. So I did all of which you accuse me."

"This morning I went into court. I saw the man I have

loved standing at the bar, an accused criminal. The sight revolted me. I cannot look at him again. I am Italian born, and, though I have been reared in this country, I have always looked upon revenge by bullet or steel as perfectly justifiable. But now I have seen that man at the bar, a criminal. The scales have dropped from my eyes. I even see myself a criminal, unless you can be merciful enough to forgive and to forget what I have done. Would you fill me with the same loathing for myself that I suddenly felt for Alvierdo? Or will you give me a chance to step back into the life of a sane woman? You will understand that I have been honest with you, and that I place my own poor, miserable fate entirely in your hands. Please take time to think before you give me your reply."

She had, indeed, spoken with candor—or, if not that, with every appearance of it.

Frank was not vindictive. There was now no rancor in his heart.

Inwardly, he was coolly deliberating on whether or not she was acting a part.

He pondered on whether to believe her, or to believe that in aiding in her escape from justice he was merely turning a desperate wild beast—even though a beautiful one—loose upon the public for further misdeeds.

"You do not answer me," she coaxed.

"I was thinking," Manley replied.

"Ah! Then you do not mean to be merciful?"

"Honestly, madam, I am in doubt as to what I ought to do. So I will suggest that we go to the chief of police and talk it over with him."

"Ah!"

Like a flash her hand found the pocket that it sought.

In a second, as it seemed, there was the gleam of a steel barrel in sight.

But Frank Manley was not to be caught napping when he had expected such a thing.

Before she could turn the muzzle upon him he was at her side, her wrist in his clutch.

There was a twist, a wrench, so light that they did not cause a cry from the woman, yet so expert that the pistol passed into the young athlete's possession.

"Miss Gordon," he went on quietly and as politely as ever, "will you sit down again? I wish to consider this matter further."

"That is a lie," she flashed, declining the seat and facing him desperately. "Now that you have the pistol will you oblige me by moving further away from me?"

Frank back-stepped for four or five yards.

"It will not be so easy to take me to your police station," she mocked. "Do you see this?"

She held up a tiny object between a thumb and a finger.

"You cannot reach me quickly enough to prevent me from placing this in my mouth. It is a tablet of prussic acid that I have carried for some time. Once I have swallowed this little pellet I am almost instantly beyond all help. Now, what is your answer? Will you drive me to self-murder before your eyes?"



Firm, conquering fingers closed over her own from behind.

The pellet was taken from her.

Stella Alvierdo whirled with the cry of a wild beast.

But she found herself confronted by Hal and Joe, as motionless and impassable as a stone wall.

Hal's conquering hand was even at that instant returning to his side.

The two youngsters had entered the room just in time to see Manley wrench away the pistol.

Stella's back being turned to them they had stolen forward over the soft, thickly-padded carpet.

No light in Manley's eyes had betrayed his knowledge of their presence.

For a few moments the girl cowered, dazed, paralyzed.

Then slowly her hands sought her eyes, covering them.

A great sob, next a torrent of tears. She was shaking convulsively.

"More acting?" Manley wondered, calmly.

Like a tormented tigress the girl paced the room swiftly, miserably. The chums did not seek to hinder her.

At last she halted, tottering, near the door.

She turned as if to speak to them, then swiftly darted into the hallway, slammed the door shut, and turned the key.

Only a chuckle from Joe as he sprang for the smaller door by which he and Hal had entered.

The three boys lost no time in racing around into the front hallway.

Their quarry, however, had a good start of them. They could hear her light footsteps overhead.

Forward Manley raced, and up the stairs, his chums at his heels.

The chase led to the stairs that communicated with the roof.

As they sped, a suspicion of Stella Alvierdo's purpose flashed into our hero's mind.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BUSINESS AND PLEASURE GET MIXED.

As Manley burst through a doorway upon the flat roof of the hotel he could not repress a shudder of horror.

Stella was at some distance from him, and in a position of great peril.

Adjoining the main building on this side was a wing, connected only on the ground floor.

Above, there was a chasm some twelve feet wide.

Three stories below was the roof of the connecting passage.

Workmen recently employed on the roof had left a plank that bridged the gulf.

At the instant that Manley's eyes first took in the situation Stella Alvierdo was out on the plank, travelling at her best speed, and in imminent risk of pitching headforemost below.

Frank did not shout to her. He was afraid that the start it would give her might cause her to totter and fall.

Great as her own danger was, the girl had heard the sounds of pursuit.

Halting, unafraid, almost at the brink, she bent swiftly, seizing the plank by the end and pushing it clear of the roof of the wing.

"Done!" she cried triumphantly.

Frank paused at his own edge of the gulf, cying the girl.

Bang! sounded the heavy plank below.

"Checkmate!" cried Stella, with hysterical gaiety.

"Not very much," rejoined Frank, while a chuckle sounded from Joe. "Any one of us can easily jump the distance."

"Ah! I had forgotten that you are athletes," she cried, savagely. "No matter! You will jump too late if you attempt it!"

Abundantly brave, the desperate woman poised herself at the edge of the roof.

"Jump, if you dare," she taunted. "But you will fail, for I shall jump in the same second."

"Let her alone," muttered Manley. "She means it."

"I am glad you believe me!" came mockingly from across the abyss.

"Of course I believe you," said Frank coolly.

"Then what do you offer if I agree not to jump?"

"Why should I offer anything?" he queried.

She eyed him keenly as she answered:

"So that you will not have, all through life, an uneasy feeling that you once caused a woman's death!"

She had judged wisely, for she had found the weak spot in Frank's nature.

Harm to a woman, if she brought it upon herself by crime, he could think of calmly; but to be the cause of bodily injury to a woman would fill him with shame and remorse.

"You will pay the price?" she jeered.

"What is it?"

"My freedom."

"That is not within my power of gift."

"You will give your word of honor that I shall not be molested. That I shall be allowed to leave this town of my own free will."

"As far as I am myself concerned—"

"That will not answer!"

"But, madam, I cannot speak for others. That plank made a terrific noise. There are the hotel people below looking up here now. They will call the police, whom I cannot control——"

"You will not help me!" cried Stella. "Very well, sir! Always remember that my death is on your own head!"

She had drawn back two or three feet, preparing for a spring.

There was no time to leap to her side. She was already rising in that leap to destruction!

But Manley, too, had sprung back a short distance.

Now he dashed forward, rose, cleared the abyss, and went down on the other side of the gulf.



He had taken the most terrifying risk.

If his body met the girl's too far from the edge of the wing they would be hurled below together!

In the flash of lightning-like thought that comes to all in a moment of deadly peril, Manley felt that he had misjudged the distance.

But no! He had misjudged only his own velocity, for his body struck the girl's just as she reached the edge of the roof.

His weight hurled her back. They fell, and he grappled with her. Hal and Joe were over and at their leader's side in an instant.

There on the roof of the wing they waited until the police and the hotel people came on the scene.

Chief Griscomb had his own views about the desirability of Stella Alvierdo as a prisoner.

A bridge of several planks was rigged over the abyss.

The prisoner was taken to the lock-up to keep her male companions company.

Later in the day New York officers arrived. They wanted the two men on most serious charges.

It turned out, also, that Reporter Sturgess had not gotten wholly reliable information about the young woman, Stella.

For she was "wanted," too, by the New York police; and Woodstock's justice was glad enough to turn over all three of the captives.

Sturgess had come with the policemen, and found, as he had hoped, a news story good enough to repay him for his long journey.

At noon Hal, lounging with Frank in the latter's room at home, spoke suddenly of the trick with the Hindoo glass.

"Why, that trick is easy enough," explained our hero. "Get some powdered French chalk; some people call it soapstone. Any druggist has the stuff. Now, mix water with the soapstone so as to make a sort of rather thick mud with it.

"Now, bring on your glass. On the polished surface of this glass lay the mud in little lines, arranging the lines with the point of a knife. Don't put any of this soapstone mud where you don't want a line to show later on. Plaster the mud on rather thickly to form the lines of the drawing.

"When your drawing is complete with these mud lines, put the glass away for a few hours—say over night. After the few hours have passed take a brush and dust off the mud. When you have got it all off, then polish the glass with a dry cloth.

"Now the glass is ready for use. Breathe on it hard, and whatever picture you have drawn in the glass in lines of French chalk mud will appear on the glass.

"Wipe the glass dry and the image disappears. But it will reappear whenever the dry surface of the glass is breathed upon hard. This trick can be worked several times before the image becomes too faint. When you want to put a new image on the glass, first wash it thoroughly in

hot water and soap, dry it, and then proceed to draw a new image in lines of French chalk mud. Simple, isn't it?"

"Oh, of course it's simple when you know just how it's done," muttered Hal. "But I've been guessing for days and never came within a mile of the secret. But, now that I know how the thing is done, I see where I'm going to have some great fun with it."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Frank Manley, spick and span in his immaculate "best," appeared on the floor at Mozart Hall that afternoon, there was nothing in either his appearance or manner to suggest the strenuous athlete of the morning.

In point of fact, this afternoon occasion had nothing of the strenuous about it.

An orchestra was playing on the stage. On the floor were the three dozen members of the Woodstock Athletic Club. With them, the brighter and more picturesque part of the gathering, were the three dozen members of the Girls' Club of Woodstock.

This announced the end of the football season, this, the first of the winter's dancing receptions.

Seated at the sides of the hall were several "older folks," who had come to look on at the good time.

As a two-step ceased Frank, still holding one of Kitty's hands lightly, found himself surrounded by a chattering group of young people.

"Now tell us all about that affair this morning."

"And what led up to it."

"Tell us everything—all about it."

"If anything happened," smiled Manley, "you'll learn the whole story in the Sentinel," laughed Frank.

"But we want to hear it now."

"We can't wait."

"Neither can I," floated back over Frank's shoulder.

For he had more serious business on hand.

The orchestra was playing "The Blue Danube," and Manley, with one guiding hand at Kitty's waist, was guiding her through a waltz.

THE END.

And now for a splendidly good story of running that will make every reader who is not a runner long to get out on track, road or field and try his speed and wind! And the practiced runner will read with keenest relish the great story of distance work, entitled, "FRANK MANLEY'S WHIRLING TEN-MILER; OR, MAKING WIND AND FORTUNE TWINS." This rousing good story of running and of athletics in general will be published entire in No. 13 of Frank Manley's Weekly, out next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



## PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 44.

"Please describe some exercises that would be good for me."

This is a request that comes very, very frequently in my letters from readers.

Now, my dear boy, if you read this Weekly regularly you must be well aware that I am describing every week the exercises that I know to be good for you—not only good, but the best exercises that there are.

It is just possible, though, my dear young friend, that you feel that you are not just like other boys, and you want some especial kind of exercise suited to your difference from other boys.

Now, to the reader who wants some kind of exercise "that is good for him," let me say with great emphasis:

"If you are an average healthy boy, then all kinds of exercise are good for you, provided they do not overtax your heart or lame your muscles severely. When you realize the need for exercise, don't wait for some especial feat."

Of course, not a few of my correspondents want an exercise that offers a "short cut" to strength. "Short cuts" are rather scarce in athletics. If you want muscle, endurance, speed, vitality, and good, reliable wind, you simply have to go in and work every day for these good things. They're worth far more than the trouble that they entail.

Not so very long ago the doctors were able to fool us into the belief that we could go over to the drugstore and get pills, tonics, and all such stuff that would make us strong and healthy under any circumstances. Most of us know better now, and the rest of us are learning. The doctor who is worth his hire nowadays chases his patients out of doors and tells them to drop in at the gymnasium when it is possible.

Some of those medicines we used to swallow so cheerfully were palmed off on us as short cuts to health. A good many boys still fondly hope that there is some especial set of exercises that will make them strong on about a quarter of the amount of work that they ought to do.

There are some exercises, of course, that are a good deal better than others, and you will know all about these better ones if you read Frank Manley's Weekly attentively. These exercises that are explained in Frank Manley's Weekly cover a wide range of human experience. Physical training has been my business for some time, and in the pursuit of this work I have studied athletics in several foreign countries. I am never unduly impressed with the value of exercises of my own invention, but to my own work I have added all that was best in what I have seen abroad.

Now, what you want in your own case is just general exercise, and a well assorted lot of it.

Distance running:—at a slow jog, not a fast clip—is the basis of all athletics. If you can't run yet, keep on practicing until you are a good performer. Success will come if you are persistent and gritty. Talks 9 and 20 will explain a great deal to you about running. So will next week's story.

All health is dependent upon the health of the vital organs. To have healthy organs you must have strong, active, supple muscles at the waist-line. You will find splendid exercises for the waist-line described in connection with the abdominal drills set forth in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly.

Good chest expansion is absolutely necessary if you are to be an athlete. For this, go in for ordinary deep breathing, gulping as much air as you can into your lungs at each breath. For an especial chest drill follow the one described in No. 27 of the Young Athlete's Weekly.

A strong neck is needed by every one, as the strength of the neck makes for a better nervous system. The best neck drill is explained in No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly.

Good muscles in the back, shoulders, legs and arms are needed, of course. Now, if you will read over carefully the descriptions of the home-made apparatus invented by the "home-made boy," as set forth in each of the twelve numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, you will understand just how to train the muscles of any part of the body.

The best of all about the work described in the first dozen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly is the fact that all the apparatus is so simple that you can make the whole lot for yourself at a cost of a few dimes. Much of the apparatus costs you nothing at all but the time you put into the work. And yet, if you have this home-made apparatus, and use it according to directions, you will be as finely equipped for athletic training as if you belonged to the most expensively furnished gymnasium in the United States.

I am well aware that the average young American cannot afford the money needed for fitting up a home gymnasium with "bought" goods. That is why I have been at such pains to explain how you can have a gymnasium without giving up all your spending money. After long experience I have found that this home-made apparatus answers as well as, and in most cases better than, the apparatus that is sold at high prices in the athletic goods stores.

You will find a host more of ideas about athletics by reading three of Frank Tousey's Ten-cent Handbooks. They are: No. 6, "How to Become an Athlete"; No. 10, "How to Box," and No. 25, "How to Become a Gymnast."

Now, that in this talk I have put you on the track of all the varied exercises that you can want, next week I shall tell you how to combine these exercises for a good, vigorous, brisk fall and winter campaign for those most precious things that can come to the young man—health and strength of the true sort!



# Letters from Readers

**NOTICE.**—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as Frank Manley's Weekly is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Beaver Falls, Pa., August 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just finished No. 21 of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and I like it. I would like to ask a few questions. (1) How can I get long-winded? (2) What kind of a diet should I have to get strong? My measurements are: Age, 16 years 7 months; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 105 pounds; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 34 inches.

Yours truly,  
An Admirer.

(1) Distance running, deep breathing and bag punching are three excellent methods of increasing the wind. (2) Many dietetic suggestions are given in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Frank Manley's Weekly. But the most important thing of all is the thorough chewing of food, as I have explained it from time to time. Your measurements, as far as you give them, are satisfactory.

Attleboro, Mass., August 16, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just read No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and it was great. Please answer me a few questions. I am 14 years old; height, 5 feet 1 inch; weight, 105 pounds. (1) How is this, good? My breadth across the shoulders is 16 inches; chest, 32 inches; waist, 29½ inches; wrists, 5½ inches. My wind isn't very good, and I have a pain over my heart when I run too far. (2) Will you tell me how to remedy this? 3. Are Indian clubs good? This is all I have to say, with three cheers for Frank Manley, Physical Director and Frank Tousey.

A Young Athlete Admirer.

(1) Age, weight and height balance satisfactorily. Waist much too large. (2) Read Talks Nos. 9 and 20. (3) Two-pound Indian clubs are excellent for limbering up at the beginning of a bout of exercise.

Pueblo, Col., August 16, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am one of your congratulators on such a fine book as Frank Manley's Weekly. As I am an author myself, I admire fine reading material. I am 15 years 11 months 5 days old; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 96 pounds; across shoulders, 14 inches; chest expansion, 2¾ inches; neck, 13 inches; waist, 27¼ inches; hips, 30 inches; thighs, 16 inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankles, 8¼ inches. (1) Am I under weight? Why? (2) Is swimming good exercise? I remain,

Yours truly,  
Benjamin Cashmaker, 216 S. Union Ave.

(1) Weight about right, but waist three inches too large. Chest expansion fair, but another inch would be great. (2) Surely! But, as it is a strong tax on the heart, it must be used with moderation and judgment.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 18, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading your weekly for the past few weeks, and am thoroughly pleased with its composition and noble aim. I am not much of an athlete myself, but am anxious to become one. I have grown so fast that I have had no time in which to develop my body, being 16 years old, 6 feet tall, and weighing 125 pounds. Frank Manley's tutoring of Jackets has inspired me, and I have picked out a boy whom I think is a pretty good runner, and within the two weeks in which I have been training him I can easily see a marked improvement, and have hopes of making a runner of him. He is 11 years old and can run 100 yards upon hard asphalt pavement in 11.2 seconds. He has also

run around a certain block here, which is 534 yards, in 1 minute 53 4-5 seconds. My time for the latter is 1 minute 35 2-5 seconds. These times have all been made with clothes on. Please express your opinion of them. A week ago I only ran the block in 1 minute 45 seconds, and hope to reach the 1 minute 25 seconds mark soon. Wishing you success, and thanking you for your correspondence privileges, I remain,

Yours truly,  
C. G. C.

Your little fellow is likely to prove a wonder if he keeps on training for a few years. Greater performances are ahead of him as he adds years and strengthens his muscles. Your own records are good at beginning, and you can see for yourself how rapidly you have been improving. Keep the good work up, both for yourself and your protegee.

Dear Physical Director:

Could you kindly fill out the following? Age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 9 inches; neck, —; upper arm, —; forearm, —; wrist, —; chest, —; waist, —; hips, —; thighs, —; knee, —; calves, —; ankles, —.

Yours truly, W. J. C.

P. S. Allow me to congratulate you for being the author of the best weekly in existence.

I am unable to fill this out in a way that would be really useful to you. Much depends on comparison of the measurements. Send in all your measurements, and I can tell you accurately how they compare. There are hit-or-miss tables published, but they are worthless and do more harm than good. My method of judging measurements is according to the science known as anthropometry, and is the only method of any real value.

New York, August 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 15 years old and a steady reader of Frank Manley's Weekly. A few boys (of my age) and I have been training during vacation-time, and we would like to have your kind advice of what our records ought to be. (1) Running high jump. (2) Running broad jump. (3) Long-distance run. (4) Shot-put. (5) Chin bar. We all take a great interest in Frank Manley's Weekly, and think it the best out. Hoping to receive an answer, I remain, a steady reader, Harry Lozier, 232 E. 123d St.

Without knowing anything about any of you, or your conditions, or previous records, it would be quite impossible for me to set any standards that would be of value to you. Sorry.

Fairmont, Neb., Aug. 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have read all of the Frank Manley's Weeklies up to the 30th, I will take the privilege of asking a few questions in regard to my measurements. Here they are: Chest, normal 28 inches, expanded 30 inches; 14 years old; height, 4 feet 9½ inches; waist, 21 inches; thigh, 18 inches; calf, 12½ inches; ankle, 6 inches; neck, 12 inches; weight, 85 pounds. I only started long-distance running about two months ago, and in a month's time I could run a mile easily. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I improve them? (3) How is 11 feet for a running broad jump? Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

A Reader.

Measurements are satisfactory, except in the way of chest expansion. Gradually work up another inch at this point. At your age and

size your running broad jump is a good one. Keep on at it, for evidently you will do better and better at that event. Glad you took up running so easily. Go right on running!

Hart, Mich., Aug. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am an ardent admirer of Frank Manley's Weekly and have the first thirty numbers. I think that Kitty Dunstan is the girl for Frank and that she ought to be mascot of his baseball team. I also hope that Tod will become Frank's friend. Jackets is also a dandy player. And now, dear Physical Director, please answer the following questions: (1) Do you think my measurements are O. K.? (2) And weight? Height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 100 pounds; chest, deflated, 28½ inches; chest, inflated, 32 inches; right calf, 12¼ inches; left calf, 11¼ inches; age, 16 years. (3) How about my age? (4) How about my chest? I am president of an athletic club of twenty-five members. We have a fine gymnasium, and have all been examined by the leading physician of the town. He said my heart was O. K. (5) Would you like to hear about our athletic club? (6) Does it hurt to go swimming every day? (7) How can I make my calves equal? (8) Have you in mind any club and certain persons in your writings? Sorry that I take up so much space. I will now close, and remain,

Yours truly,  
Buffalo Bill, Jr.

(1 and 2) Yes. (3) Your age is certainly the best you can do at present, but it will change slightly with every coming day. (4) Sorry you didn't give measurement of chest normal, but I think you need a little more expansion. (5) Certainly I shall be glad to hear about your club. (6) Daily swimming is right, if in moderation. (7) You can make your calves equal by exercising one side of the body just as hard as you do the other. While your poem shows merit and its sentiments are appreciated, this department is so crowded that we have not space to print it here. As to your suggestion to make Kitty the Woodstock mascot, Frank's delicacy would prevent him from making a public character of one so sacred to him as his sweetheart. (8) Yes; the Woodstock Juniors!

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the privilege of asking you a few questions. I am 16 years old and weigh 148 pounds. I am troubled with nervousness. I am also round-shouldered and have a weak chest. (1) What exercise will cure me of nervousness? (2) Also, what will be good to strengthen my chest and straighten my shoulders? Hoping you will answer, I remain, yours,

O. W. S.

(1) It will take the general physical training life, diet and all, to get the best of that nervousness. Deep breathing is especially useful if the fresh outdoor air be inhaled at such times. (2) Go in strongly for the chest expansion drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. For the round shoulders, stand up straight at all times, and with chin well up. All exercises that employ the shoulders will help.

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read nearly every one of your books about Frank Manley, and think he is fine. I would like you to answer a few questions. My measurements are: (1) Chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 32 inches; weight, 93 pounds; height, 5 feet 4 inches; age, 15 years; calves, 11 inches; across shoulders, 19 inches; wrists, 6 inches; neck, 12¼ inches; ankles, 7¼ inches; forearm, 10 inches. (2) Is it healthful for me to drink tea or coffee? (3) What should I drink during meals? (4) How can I keep from growing tall? (5) Is it healthful to go barefooted? (6) Will the sun hurt you when you go swimming? (7) How early should I go to bed at night and what time should I rise?

Yours truly,

A Reader.

(1) You are somewhat under weight and under the standard of measurements. Build up that chest expansion! (2) I have not deemed it times, that tea and coffee are highly beneficial.



So is any other beverage at meal time, but water should be drunk freely at other times of the day. (4) You can't, if you are inclined that way. (5) In summer, yes. (6) It seldom does, if the head be kept wet. (7) Turn in by nine, and get up when rested, probably in your case about five-thirty.

Wichita Falls, Tex., Aug. 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of giving you my measurements. Wrist, 7 inches; forearm, 10½ inches; biceps, 10 inches; expanded, 11 inches; chest, normal 36 inches, contracted 32; expanded 38 inches; ankle, 9 inches; calves, 14 inches; thighs, 20 inches; hips, 34 inches; waist, 30 inches; neck, 14 inches; shoulder to shoulder, 21 inches; age, 15 years; height, 6 feet; weight, 167 pounds. (1) What are my weak points? (2) What are my strong ones? Hoping to see this in print very soon, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

"Beanpole."

Excellent all-around measurements, at your age, except as to chest expansion, which should be increased by at least an inch and a half. Your general measurements will fill out considerably in the next two or three years. You are just right at your age, with exception of chest.

348 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Physical Director:

Since I last wrote to you I have gained rapidly. I was 5 feet tall; am now 5 feet 2 inches; chest expansion, 34½ inches; now 35 inches; could jump 14 feet in running broad; now 15 feet 2 inches; could jump 7 feet 6 inches in standing broad; now 8 feet 3 inches. Is ——— good to drink? I am 13 years old. How high should a boy of my age jump? What distance in standing broad and running broad? Our club has no shot, but we use a stone of about eight pounds. How far should we throw this?

Yours truly,

Admirer.

You certainly have improved greatly, and now you understand for yourself the good that comes from physical training. Your records are very satisfactory. I cannot undertake to say what the records should be for a boy of a given age, for all depends on his size, condition and the amount of practice he has had.

Xenia, Ohio, Aug. 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of your fine magazine, I take the liberty to ask you the following questions: My measurements are as follows: Age, 15 years 5 months; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 125 pounds; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal 32½ inches, expanded 35 inches; waist, 27 inches; wrist, 7 inches; forearm, 10 inches; biceps, relaxed 10¼ inches, contracted 11¼ inches; thigh, 19½ inches; calves, 14 inches; ankles, 10 inches. (1) Are my measurements so that I can become an excellent athlete, and do they correspond properly? (2) What are my weak points? (3) Is there any cure for knock-knees? If so, please state it. (4) What will make my wind better? (5) I work in a factory from 6.30 a. m. to 5.30 p. m. What short exercise will be helpful? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours,

Elden Martin,

(1) Measurements really very good, and you should make a good athlete. (2) You haven't any really weak points, but an inch more of chest expansion would be worth working for. (3) The only remedy would be systematic exercise of the legs and the effort to stand as straight and naturally as possible. (4) Read Talks 9 and 20 in The Young Athlete's Weekly. (5) Take up the Manley bag drills in the first few numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly printed so far, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am 13 years old, 5 feet ½ inches in height; weight, 143 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; chest, 31 inches; waist, 28½ inches; thigh, 26 inches; calf, 15 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I strengthen my weak points? (3) What is the 100-yard-dash record?

I put a 14-pound shot 17 feet 1 inch, 17 feet, 21 feet, 20 feet 1 inch, 20 feet 6 inches. (4) Is that a good record for a 13-year-old boy? Wishing good luck to the Up and At 'Em Boys,

An Athlete Reader.

(1) Your measurements are those of a well-grown young man of 21. (2) Neck is a little small; improve it by use of the neck drill in No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (3) Nine and three-fifths seconds, by Duffey is the latest amateur record that I have, but new records are likely to be made any day. (4) Records very good at your age.

McNoel, Ill., August 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, having read every number so far published. I only wish it had been published earlier; then, perhaps, I should have been in better physical condition. I am 18 years old and weigh only 123 pounds. I am very slim, being 5 feet 10 inches in height. Here are a few questions I would like you to answer: (1) How can I increase my weight? (2) How can I increase my arm and leg muscles? (3) Will you please prescribe a diet that will benefit me? (4) Should a shower bath be taken oftener than once a day? (5) Is the dumbbell practice given by Frank Manley suitable for me? I am an ardent admirer of Frank, Sato and Jackets. Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours respectfully, E. E. Green, O. T. N.

(1) By abundant outdoor exercise, thus wearing out the old and useless tissues and building up new and better tissue; by eating carefully and chewing all food to a fine pulp before swallowing; by drinking nothing with meals, but drinking water freely at other times of the day; by deep breathing, which aids in carrying off the impurities of the body. You have been stagnating; become active and cheerful and bring yourself to love the outdoor life. (2) Study and adopt carefully and in their order all the training directions given in the training chapter of each issue of Frank Manley's Weekly. Also study carefully Frank Tousey's Ten-cent Handbook No. 6, "How to Become an Athlete." (3) Read Talks 5, 6, 17, 18, 33, 34, 35. (4) No. (5) Yes.

Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would write to you for some advice in regard to my health. I am 16 years 8 months old; 5 feet 6 inches tall; weight, 128 pounds; chest, expanded 35 inches, normal 31 inches; waist, 32 inches; calves, 14½ inches; neck, 13¼ inches; wrist, 7½ inches; biceps, 12½ inches. (1) How can I improve my measurements? (2) Is boxing harmful? Which is best, wrestling or boxing? (3) I did a hundred yards in ten seconds; I threw the hammer (12-pound) 52 feet 9 inches; shot put (12-pound), 29 feet 5 inches; standing broad jump, 9 feet 10 inches; running broad jump, 16 feet 10 inches; pole vault, 8 feet 6½ inches. How are these records? As it is about time to close, I will give three cheers for Physical Director. I have read a good many novels, but Frank Manley's Weekly beats them all. I would like to see this answer in soon.

Yours,

Fish,  
City.

(1) Measurements very good, but you might build up neck by neck drill described in No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (2) Wrestling and boxing are both excellent, if not overdone. All your records are excellent, your hundred-yard performance being close to the world's record.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and it is fine. Frank Manley is all right; so is Tod Owen. My parents do not allow me to sleep with my window wide open. My height is 4 feet 10 inches; weight, 80 pounds; neck, 12 inches; knee, 13 inches; calf, 11 inches; thigh, 19 inches; wrist, 6 inches; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 28 inches. Please tell me what I am deficient in. (1) When is the best time to exercise? (2) Is it good to ride a bicycle four times a day? (3) What time is the best to retire and to arise?

Robert Denehey,

It is too bad you are not allowed to sleep with your window open, for your measurements are very fair, with the exception of chest measurement, which is very poor as to expansion. You need deep breathing and a well-aired bedroom at night the year around. (1) Morning around daybreak. (2) Too much. (3) At your time you should retire at about 8.30, rising when you are rested.

Bessemer, Ala., R. F. D., No. 1,  
August 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would write to you for some advice in regard to my measurements. I am 12 years 8 months old; height, 4 feet 10½ inches; weight, 66 pounds; waist, 24½ inches; ankle, 8 inches; thigh, 14½ inches; knee, 12 inches; wrist, 6 inches; shoulder, 14½ inches; chest, expanded 28 inches, normal 26 inches; neck, 11 inches; calf, 11 inches; hips, 26 inches; arms, 24 inches, including hand. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) Would I make an athlete? (4) I can chin myself only one time. (5) What kind of exercise should I need to become stouter? (6) What size dumbbells should I use? (7) I eat molasses three times a day. Is it healthful? (8) How high should a chinning-bar be over my head?

Yours truly,

H. C.

(1) Weight and measurements below standard. (2) Chest expansion insufficient, waist too large. (3) Certainly, but you must work steadily and faithfully for it. (4) This shows you how very much you need exercise. (5) Read Talk 41. (6) Two pounds. (7) You are using molasses to excess. (8) High enough over your head so that you can just reach comfortably with your hands.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly and would like to ask some questions. My measurements are as follows: Age, 15 years 10 months; weight, 95 pounds; chest, 29 inches, expanded 31½ inches; waist, 27 inches; hips, 30 inches; upper arm, 9 inches; thigh, 17 inches; calf, 10½ inches; forearm, 9 inches; height, 5 feet 2½ inches. (1) How am I developed? (2) Am I too light? (3) Does a hairy body denote strength? (4) Is progressive weight-lifting good? (5) Does it weaken the heart and make you muscle-bound? (6) When is it best to exercise, night or morning? (7) Is work on a horizontal bar good? (8) Can good results be obtained from a calisthenic drill taken for a half an hour night and morning? (9) How can I increase my weight? (10) What should an 18-year-old boy weigh whose height is 5 feet 7 inches? (11) How could he increase his weight? (12) What weight dumbbell should he use? (13) Is night air as good as morning air for breathing exercises? (14) Is milk a stimulant? (15) Is milk a nourishing drink? (16) Is sweating bad, as I sweat quite a little during exercise? (17) How can I broaden my shoulders? (18) Is punching the bag good? (19) Are three swims a week sufficient? (20) Is bicycle riding harmful? Hoping to see this in print, I am,

Yours truly,

A Would-be Athlete.

(1) Waist line two and a half inches too large; another inch of chest expansion needed. (2) About five pounds under weight. (3) Not necessarily. (4) Progressive weight-lifting is generally carried so far that it does harm. Read Talk 42. (5) Yes; they are some of the objections. (6) Both! But if you can exercise only once a day the early morning is to be preferred to the night. (7) Yes; in moderation at first, and without any attempt to "rush things." (8) Excellent, if the drill is good. (9) Read Talk 41. (10) Probably about 130 pounds, but this would depend on comparison of measurements. (11) Answered. (12) Two pounds. (13) Breathe the open air at all times of the twenty-four hours. Don't be silly enough to believe that night air is "harmful." (14) Not a stimulant at all; a food. (15) Answered. (16) You'd be out of luck if you didn't sweat when exercising. (17) By exercising them. (18) Of course. (19) Summer and winter there should be a daily bath, or the skin cannot be kept clean, though it may look clean. (20) Have discussed this in all its bearings many times.



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